

A
COLLECTION
OF
ORIGINAL POEMS.

By SCOTCH GENTLEMEN.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE editor begs leave to offer his grateful thanks to those gentlemen who have contributed their labours to complete this second volume.——He still keeps to his original plan, that this collection shall consist of three volumes, and no more.——The last volume will be published about eighteen months hence.

Persons possessed of original poems, are desired to communicate them to the editor; which, if approved of, shall be inserted in the third volume.

The authors of the Monthly Review, in the appendix to vol. xxv. p. 507. give the following account of the first volume of this collection.

“ It is justly observed by the editor of these poems, that it cannot be expected, in a miscellaneous collection, to find every poem of equal merit, and to please every reader, *mens tastes differing as much as their faces.* However, he adds, that no piece has been inserted in this volume, without a critical examination by gentlemen of taste and character. — It is certain, that no one performance can please every reader, nor is every reader a true judge of what he reads; nevertheless, there is a kind of standard in the mind of every man of taste, by which all poetic merit may be weighed, and bad poetry will never stand that test. We are therefore at a loss to account for the indifferent productions which have been admitted into this volume, notwithstanding they were previously examined by gentlemen of taste and character. The peculiar Scotch phrases and idioms, indeed, may admit of some excuse, as the pieces are professedly Scotch. — There are, however, many good things in this collection, and we hope the intended additional volumes will have the advantage of a more select choice. But, after all, it is to be feared, this undertaking will never equal the elegant collection, in six volumes, made by Dodsley.”

iv ADVERTISEMENT, &c.

Good Mr Critic, you will remember we told you, in the advertisement prefixed to the first volume, that our collection was to consist only of three volumes; now you must be a devil of a conjurer, when you prophesy, that this collection will never equal Dodgley's, in six volumes. As you understand arithmetic, three can never be equal to six, nor the half equal the whole. You seem to be wonderfully witty on Mr Massey* in this same appendix, p. 497. When he is beginning to run over his multiplication-table, and finds three times three make nine, you snap at him immediately, admiring his great sagacity. Now, sweet Mr Critic, you and he had better run over the rule of three together, and then we may hope the Hesperian gardens† will produce apples of pure gold, and no more oranges, and your oracles give us more explicit responses.

* We do not mean here to defend Mr Massey, who is pointed out by the Reviewers as a blockhead.

† Massey says, that perhaps the golden apples produced in the Hesperian gardens were oranges.

CORRIGENDA.

Pag. Lin.

20. 5. *for tincts read tints*

24. 6. *for in read on*

9. *for Oh read Ah*

29. 6. *after Persia insert brought*

40. 12. *read new-peel'd*

N. B. In vol. I. of this collection, two poems, intitled, *Adella*, and *Morna*, whose author is not mentioned, were wrote by Mr A. E.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
ORIGINAL POEMS.

+++++

An ECLOGUE.

In the manner of Mr GAY.

By *****

Rure vero barbaroque lætatur.

MARTIAL.

THOMAS. MARTHA.

ALL by the side of a clear winter-fire,
A swain and nymph, whom mutual flames
inspire,
Alternate sung: Ye Muses, all and some,
Tho' long the journey, from Parnassus come;
* Be it your task these lofty lays to sing,
For 'faith poor poets can't do every thing.

* Dicite, Pierides; non omnia possumus omnes. VIRG. eccl. 3.

VOL. II.

A

MARTHA.

M A R T H A.

The nymph began. I love my Tom so well,
 I love him more than any tongue can tell.
 'Tis sweet to hear the beggar blackbeard's rhyme;
 'Tis sweet to sleep at church in sermon-time;
 I like a tale of fairies, or a ghost;
 I like foul stories of the parish-toast;
 To learn a secret yields me huge delight,
 And, oh! to publish it transports me quite.
 Maids love to munch their gingerbread alone;
 And Margery joys to scold her husband John:
 But scolding so delights not Margery's soul,
 As it delights me on your knee to loll:
 Songs, slander, gingerbread, and sleep in pew,
 Secrets or goblin-tales are tasteless without you.

T H O M A S.

In mornings raw to quaff the gusty dram;
 To feed on frothing ale and bacon-ham;
 Do what the priest forbids, and sport and play
 Fearless on Sunday, as on holyday;
 To glut my eager maw with savoury leek;
 Idly to stroll three several days a-week:
 These could delight me; but were you unkind,
 In these, alas! poor Tom no joy could find.
 With you I'll chearful work, my Bible read,
 Live on pure element and barley-bread:
 For you, my dear, tobacco I'd give o'er,
 Take snuff, get drunk, and swear, and stroll no more.

M A R T H A.

MARTHA.

Ah, did your heart bear witness to your tongue,
 Martha were happy as the day is long.
 But, wo is me! though sweet your speeches seem,
 Sweeter by much than strawberries and cream,
 Some lass prank'd up with greater cost and art,
 I fear sticks closely to my Tommy's heart.
 Doubtless your strain has many a maid beguil'd,
 For you was given to lying from a child.
 When but a boy, (I'll ne'er forget the day,
 * Just then I learn'd at blindman's buff to play),
 Stealing the parson's peace when you was caught,
 † (Could parsons pardon, 'twas a venial fault);
 With tears and curses you deny'd the fact,
 Though they surpris'd you in the very act.
 But all in vain; for to your bare backside
 The parson's man his whirling whip applied.
 I saw, I lov'd; deep in my constant breast
 The beauteous image yet remains impress'd.
 ‡ Happy, alas! too happy had I been,
 If I that lashing-bout had never seen.

* Alter ab undécimo jam tunc me ceperat annus,
 Jam fragiles poteram a terra contingere ramos.
 Ut vidi! ut perii! ut me malus abstulit error!

VIRG. Ecl. 8.

† Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

VIRG. Georg. 4.

‡ Felix, heu nimium felix! si littora tantum
 Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ.

VIRG. Æneid. 4.

A z

Ah,

Ah, did you know, what restless nights I've past,
 What dreams, what qualms endur'd, from first to last;
 What jealousies and fears, and all for you;
 Sure to his Martha Tommy would prove true.

T H O M A S.

Who does ill dreads ill, says the proverb old,
 And falsehood never was in proverbs told.
 You thought I saw you not when late you sat
 With rake-hell Roger in familiar chat.
 Nay, more, I saw you (could the fight be born!)
 With busy needle mend his breeches torn.
 Gnashing my teeth I stood, my heart throb'd thick,
 O had your needle pierc'd him to the quick!
 Just my suspicions, justly I upbraid;
 Are these the manners of a modest maid?

M A R T H A.

False is the imputation; for, heav'n knows,
 'Twas not his breeches, Tom, it was his hose.
 And since you seem to jealousies inclin'd,
 Though loath to fret old sores, I'll speak my mind.
 Why Susan pin'd of late all were surpris'd;
 Wan wax'd her looks, each feature seem'd disguis'd;
 Her beef-red lips assum'd a yellow hue,
 And each dead eye was sunk in circle blue.
 Sullen she grew and sad; and gossips said,
 That chalk and cinders were her daily bread.
 But since from market you with Susan came,
 No longer mourns the solitary dame;

Brightens

Brightens to red her colour erst so pale,
 She dances, sings, and tells a wanton tale;
 And fatter far she seems than e'er before——
 Ah! Thomas, Thomas! — but I say no more.

T H O M A S.

Whence could so strange a whim your fancy strike!
 Think you that I the ugly huffy like?
 Vile slut! like rotten carrion stinks her breath,
 Blacker than foot are her distorted teeth.
 * The snail shall with the roebuck vie in speed,
 On foxes geese, and cats on mustard feed;
 The butterfly shall woo the bat, and puss
 Be join'd in bands of wedlock with the mouse:
 No more shall ghosts glide grinning through the dark;
 The firmament shall fall and crush the lark;
 In water our fat squire his thirst shall slake,
 When Martha fair for Susan I forsake.

M A R T H A.

Great was my dread when late we went to fair,
 To find the tall recruiting serjeant there:
 But when your half-reluctant hand he took,
 Fear chill'd my heart, and all my members shook.
 He prais'd, both when you walk'd, and when you stood;
 Your manly mien, and ay he damn'd his blood:
 A proper man you was, he said, and swore,
 As e'er neats leather trode, or firelock bore:

* Ante ergo leves pascuntur in æthere cervi, &c.

VIRG. Ecl. 1.

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And offer'd gold and crowns, would you enlist,
 And shook the gingling guineas in his fist.
 Dear Tom, take care, nor mix in war and blood;
 To sleep in an unwounded skin is good.
 Ah! let not these rough redcoats e'er decoy
 Far from his native home my only joy!
 In foreign parts are savages, more black
 Than Satan's self, a fell blood-thirsty pack!
 Who (heaven preserve us now and evermore!)
 Eat living men, and drink like ale their gore.
 Take care, my Tom; these dreadful soldiers shun;
 Touch not their guineas, or you are undone;
 Then, wo is me! alas! and well-a-day!
 I'll see my Tom no more for ever and for ay.

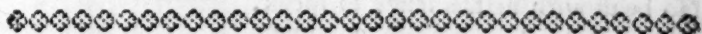
THOMAS.

And did my danger so disturb your mind?
 Sure I'm a villain if I prove unkind.
 No, Martha, fear me not; with heart sincere,
 Eternal love I promise and I swear.
 When I forsake thee, Martha, may my soul,
 Deep plung'd in hell, burn red as any coal!
 On me turn'd broomstick, may the witches ride
 To France and Spain across the roaring tide!
 The Red sea be my bed, where conjur'd ghosts,
 Thicker than minnows, swarm along the coasts!
 May I be doom'd to drink up all the seas,
 And eat the new moon like a piece of cheese!

MARTHA.

MARTHA.

Hold, Tom, I'm now convinc'd you love indeed :
 Henceforth my heart no jealousies shall breed :
 And when I'm false, may Satan — here she stopp'd,
 For here a mouse from cat-watch'd hole elop'd ;
 As cross the floor he wander'd on his way,
 'Midst Martha's flaunting garments chanc'd to stray.
 Loud shriek'd the nymph ; nor had her fears been vain,
 If unknown courage had not fir'd the swain.
 Headlong, his darling to defend, he flew,
 (Mice yet unborn that hunting-match may rue),
 And chas'd, with fearless hand, the felon round,
 Through every maze of the forbidden ground ;
 Till at the last the trembling foe he squeez'd,
 And instant death the squeaking recreant seiz'd.
 Martha with joy the dangling carcase eyes ;
 Then pufs, with one consent, obtains the prize.
 Forgetful thus of merit's dangerous toil,
 Some lazy minion oft enjoys the spoil.



The WOLF and SHEPHERDS.

A FABLE.

By the same.

LAws, as we read in ancient fables,
 Have been like cobwebs in all ages.

Cobwebs

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Cobwebs for puny flies are spread,
And laws for puny folks are made.
But if a bee, or man of might,
Be tangled in his lawless flight,
Mark how he tears the slender fetter,
And makes a may-game of the matter.

I grant your simile may please one,
With whom wit holds the place of reason ;
But make it good that this in fact is
Agreeable to life and practice.

Then hear what, in his simple way,
Old Æsop told me t'other day.
'Twas on a time (he does not fix
The date precise to days or weeks)
When men, more sparing of their speeches,
Allow'd the beasts some time to teach us.
But we so talkative are grown,
No voice we suffer but our own ;
No beast with us has leave to speak,
Although his honest heart should break :
'Tis true, your asses and your apes,
And other brutes in human shapes,
And that thing made of noise and show,
Which mortals have misnam'd, A BEAU,
(But, in the language of the sky,
Is call'd *a two-legg'd butterfly*) ;
Will make your very heart-strings ake,
So loud, so endless is their talk.—

But

But to our story we return :

'Twas early on a summer-morn,
 A wolf forsook the mountain-den,
 And issu'd hungry on the plain.
 Full many a stream and lawn he pass'd,
 And reach'd a winding vale at last ;
 Where from an hollow rock he spy'd
 The shepherds dress'd in flow'ry pride.
 Garlands were strow'd, and all was gay,
 To celebrate an holyday ;
 The merry tabor's gamesome sound
 Provok'd the sprightly dance around.
 Hard by a rural board was rear'd,
 On which in fair array appear'd
 The peach, the apple, and the raisin,
 And all the fruitage of the season ;
 But more distinguish'd than the rest
 Was seen a wether ready dress'd,
 That smoking, recent from the flame,
 Diffus'd a stomach-rousing steam.
 Our wolf could not endure the sight,
 Outrageous grew his appetite,
 His entrails groan'd with tenfold pain,
 He lick'd his lips, and lick'd again.
 At last, with lightning in his eyes,
 He bounces forth, and fiercely cries,
 Shepherds, I'm not inclin'd to scolding,
 But now my spleen I cannot hold in.
 Who can endure your gross oppression ?
 I swear 'twould put a faint in passion.

You

You who your folds from harm protect,
 Providing laws for that effect,
 Which make it death for any beast,
 How much soe'er by hunger press'd,
 To seize a sheep by force or stealth.
 (For sheep, you say, are shepherds wealth),
 Can you commit, untouch'd by shame,
 What in a beast so much you blame?
 What is a law, if those who make it
 Become the forwardest to break it?
 The case is plain: you would reserve
 All to yourselves, while others starve.
 Such partial laws from int'rest spring,
 Not from the reason of the thing.——

He was proceeding, when a swain
 Burst out, And dares a wretch arraign
 His betters, and condemn their measures,
 And contradict their wills and pleasures?
 We have establish'd laws, 'tis true;
 But laws are made for such as you.
 Know, sirrah, in their very natures,
 Laws can't affect the legislators.
 For laws without a sanction join'd,
 As all men know, can never bind:
 But sanctions reach not us the makers,
 For who dares punish us though breakers?
 'Tis therefore plain without denial,
 That laws were ne'er design'd to tie all,
 But those whom sanctions reach alone;
 We stand accountable to none.

Besides,

OF ORIGINAL POEMS. 12

Besides, 'tis evident, that, seeing
Laws from the great derive their being,
Laws, as in duty bound, should love
The great, in whom they live and move;
And humbly yield to their desires;
'Tis just what gratitude requires.
What suckling, dandled in the lap,
Would tear away its mother's pap?
But hold——Why deign I to dispute
With such a scoundrel of a brute?
That laws should serve us, Master Wolf,
I'll show you most convincing proof.

He gave the sign: the mastiffs fly,
And mingling clamours rend the sky.

The beast had now no time to lose,
Nor farther reasons to oppose.
This argument, quoth he, has force,
And swiftness is my sole resource.
He said, and left his foes the day,
And to the mountains scour'd away.

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A S O N G.

Translated from the SCOTCH.

By the same.

Sweet Annie slowly left the shore
Where Damon climb'd the vessel's side:
Alas! my heart knows home no more,
Since Damon's tofs'd along the tide.
Yet shall my heart still faithful prove,
For faithful ever is my swain;
Absent, he thinks on Annie's love,
And foreign beauties charm in vain.

His gold let wealthy Strephon show,
And the smooth arts of flattery try,
And praise the polish of my brow,
And praise the lustre of mine eye.
What though, to distant regions born,
My lover rides the awful deep?
I'll wait, and hope for his return,
And all my heart for Damon keep.

No more, false Corydon, no more
For Annie frame the luring lay;
Your Damon would be troubled sore
Did you his confidence betray.

Your

Your luring lays are all in vain,
 Your false designs disgrace your art;
 But melting sweet is Damon's strain,
 His strain bespeaks the faithful heart.

O smile, ye skies, around my love;
 Gently, ye prosp'rous breezes, blow;
 Far off, ye savage storms, remove,
 Nor cloud my future days with wo.
 Full long, alas! will be his stay;
 But let me not at fate repine:
 I'll keep my heart, and wait the day
 When Damon shall again be mine.



AN EPISTLE to Mr D——N.

By the Hon. Mr A. E.

OH thou that kindly ope'st the press
 For ev'ry author in distress,
 At whose command we come in view,
 Or bound in calf, or stitch'd in blue,
 Once more to thee I must apply,
 Accept these poems, all will buy:
 Nor wonder much from whence I stole 'em;
 But clap them in your second volume;
 Or else my lovely darling lines
 Must be entomb'd in magazines;

Or probably, if you refuse,
May deck a column in the news.
This favour grant, and I'll agree,
That Doddsley's a faint type of thee.
Proceed, dear Sir, and entertain
Each youth of a poetic vein ;
With care each rising genius tend,
Lest with the critics blast he bend.
The time shall come, by prophets old,
* And Mr Sheridan foretold,
When fair Edina shall become
A second Athens, or a Rome.
By you shall greatest bards be printed,
And never shall your price be stinted :
Poets shall saunter through your shop,
Superior to me or Pope ;
Esteem'd by folks that boast discerning,
Prodigious prodigies of learning.
Mean while, until these times arrive,
Your usual trade, I pray you, drive,
And, once a-week, if you are wise,
Continue yet to advertise ;
And still as winter cools our clime,
Let loose in print your sons of rhyme.
With kindest look you often tell,
Your poems excellently sell ;
And sure the genius great must be,
'That money makes of bards like me.

* In his lectures last summer,

ODE to MEMORY.

By the same.

I.

Since joy still wing'd for flight is fled,
To visit me will Mem'ry deign;

To me she won't deny her aid,

My pleasures all with her remain:

For op'ning on my rising days,

No prospects gleam with bright'ning blaze,

Of force to charm each weeping hour,

And gild the clouds that darksome lour;

For future times alone disclose

A long, a black'ning scene of woes,

From which the blasted soul recoils,

And, shiv'ring, dreads the fancied toils;

And wild Despair, the ghastly tort'ring fiend,

Has chas'd away sweet Hope, Affliction's only friend.

II.

No more fair smiling on the view,

Does Hope appear of rosy hue;

Say, where is fled the lenient guest,

That sooth'd the sadly pensive breast,

That troops of fair ideas brought,

And check'd the rising gloom of thought?

When seas of wo advance around,

Ah! faithless can she shift her ground,

And leave a wretch alone to brave

The madness of the whelming wave?

B. 2.

Alas!!

Alas ! the fair elusive form
 Avoids the whirlwind of the storm,
 And seeks the peaceful inland vales,
 Unswept by Sorrow's blasting gales.

III.

Hail Memory ! celestial name,
 Preserver of each virtuous fame,
 To win thy felt internal praise,
 We toil through life's bewilder'd maze.
 Conscience and Memory combin'd,
 Dart horror through the guilty mind ;
 But view, with piercing light, in vain
 The breast untinctur'd with a stain :
 Yet still with Vice they seem awake,
 With Vice each festal scene partake,
 With hated steps upon her press,
 And damp her even in success ;
 While Virtue still their presence courts,
 And raptur'd feels the blest supports.

IV.

Come, heavenly Memory, retrace
 The hours that wore a smiling face,
 The hours, that, swiftly circling round,
 Me bath'd in bliss ecstatic found ;
 But only, only those restore,
 Which youth and pleasure gilded o'er ;
 Let those, when sorrow seiz'd my mind,
 Be kept long lingering behind :

For

For sure already well I know
The look of anguish, voice of wo,
And folded arms, and lab'ring sighs,
And show'rs of tears from redd'ning eyes ;
The moments past me have not flown,
And melancholy still unknown.

V.

Begin, the promis'd scenes restore,
By youth and pleasure gilded o'er :
See Childhood eager to advance ;
Behold the quickness of his glance !
Behold amazement in his eyes,
And eager looks of young surprise :
Bless'd time ! with every trifle pleas'd ;
By no corroding care diseas'd ;
When yet unus'd to subtle art,
Light leaps with joy the flutt'ring heart ;
And with simplicity allied,
O'er flowers we wander side by side ;
And all to innocence resign'd,
Obey each impulse of the mind.

VI.

Proceed, the promis'd scenes restore,
By youth and pleasure gilded o'er ;
And see where Youth himself appears,
In vernal bloom of rosy years ;
In bloom where health for ever blows,
And vivid in each feature glows ;

Now swift from joy to joy he turns,
 And still with expectation burns,
 Still burns solicitous to prove
 The soft deceiving snares of love.
 Unknown the frauds that round him fly,
 Fair Candour beams from every eye,
 And Beauty opes her faithful arms,
 And Friendship still sincerely charms.

VII.

Soon other passions seize the mind,
 Impetuous as the rush of wind,
 Which wild along the surges raves,
 And whitens all the bursting waves.
 How rapid cruel Love prepares
 His long attendant race of cares ;
 Lo frequent in the cloudy mien
 Suspicion's baleful glance is seen ;
 And woes, which only life can bound,
 For ever varied howl around.
 Ah ! gentle Memory, forbear ;
 Enum'rate not the race of care ;
 Again the promis'd scenes restore,
 By youth and pleasure gilded o'er.

VIII.

Restore, restore the happy time,
 When love inspir'd the careless rhyme,
 From morn to blushing eve my lays,
 Enraptur'd sung Dione's praise.

What

What days were those when every wind
 To soft serenity inclin'd !
 Then would the laughing landscape ring,
 And joy would wave on wanton wing.
 Slow wand'ring, I indulg'd my dreams,
 Where fairies seem'd to haunt the streams ;
 Slow stole the streams along the shade,
 Or pour'd a dewy soft cascade ;
 All flow'rs of scent adorn'd the ground,
 While spring bloom'd jocund wild around.

IX.

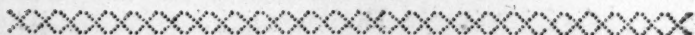
They're lost, deep plung'd in darkest night ;
 The prospect dies upon the sight ;
 The hours of peace and joy are fled ;
 Gone is the morning's softest red,
 That promis'd, ere the day was done,
 A long unclouded length of sun :
 A sudden night involves around ;
 The glowing scenes in shade are drown'd ;
 No more the gales of pleasure blow
 With pleasing murmurs soft and slow ;
 My ears receive another strain ;
 Loud swells the gale along the plain,
 That, rapid on its sounding wings,
 Despair and ceaseless sorrow brings.

X.

Then, Mem'ry, cease thy feeble aid,
 At best but transient, weak, and vain ;
 For since Affliction will invade,
 Thy retrospection is a pain.

Then

Then let some more superior power,
 With smiles illumine the lonely hour;
 Let Fancy, from the op'ning gloom,
 Dispel the horrors of my doom;
 Fair in her glowing tincts pourtray'd,
 Life's landscape loses all its shade;
 Swift fade the strokes of fable dye,
 And golden colours meet the eye;
 She as she wills can give the sufferer ease,
 And make extravagance in spite of reason please.



O D E to P I T Y.

By the same.

I.

Sweet pow'r that lov'st the lone recess,
 Where Virtue sadd'ning with distress,
 Still drops the silent tear;
 Benignant in my yielding breast,
 May all thy soft affections rest;
 Oh let them center here!

II.

By all thy gentlest sons have felt,
 Oh let my bosom ever melt
 In luxury of wo!
 And as the warm emotions rise,
 Let streams of sorrow shade my eyes,
 And unrestricted flow.

III.

III.

From thee, into the human soul,
The amiable passions stole,
That soften and improve ;
Hence Friendship to the feeling heart-
Did first her social warmth impart,
And soon 'twas generous love.

IV.

Oh thou, all-powerful to assuage
The furious storms of frantic rage,
That tear the wounded soul ;
At thy approach they swell no more,
The still waves sleep upon the shore,
Nor madden as they roll.

V.

Ye happy few, on whom the day
Shines with a bright unclouded ray,
Let tender Pity find,
That she can stain with tears your eyes,
And still with Mis'ry's moving cries,
Can melt the soft'ning mind.

VI.

Go, bid the chearing light of morn
Illumine the dungeon dark forlorn,
Where War's sad captives lie :
Go, bid in Poverty's low cell
Content and competence to dwell,
And raise the downcast eye.

VII.

VII.

Where Avon streams along retir'd,
 By Pity and by Terror fir'd,
 Immortal Shakespear wrote ;
 And Otway list'ning to thy strains,
 Still wander'd mournful o'er the plains,
 And fram'd each tender thought,

VIII.

Behold, with madness in her eyes,
 All wild afflicted Constance flies,
 Or sinks upon the ground ;
 While ending poor Monimia's woes,
 The vital tide no longer flows,
 And all is horror round.

IX.

Yet once again thy soul infuse,
 Awake to grief the British muse,
 Thy moving scenes restore ;
 The sad, the melancholy tale,
 With wo shall ev'ry heart assail,
 With wo shall all deplore.

X.

And now while war is raging wild,
 Swift dart thy influence soft and mild
 Into the human breast ;
 And, oh ! with gentle Peace allied,
 Bid the mad storm of arms subside,
 And let the nations rest.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

By the same.

'TIS done : pale sickness all her form invades,
 Ev'n in the glow of youth her features die :
 How fast the florid bloom of beauty fades !
 No more a lustre streams from every eye.

Where late the animated graces lay,
 And in each smile of joy attractive shone,
 Now fell diseases riot on their prey,
 Smiles balmy lipp'd, and graces all are gone.

As fall the leaves before the eastern gale,
 As dies the verdure at cold winter's breath,
 As touch'd by frost in spring the fresh flowers fail,
 So droops young Beauty at th' approach of Death.

Ah ! as I watch and silent hope her rest,
 How hard to smother in my struggling sighs !
 To bid them all lie dormant in my breast,
 And bid the tears not issue from my eyes.

Yet oft, in spite of ev'ry vain restraint,
 The sighs will pant, the rapid tears will flow ;
 Springs from my bursting heart, the loud complaint
 Sinks my sad soul, oppress'd with keenest wo.

While

While she superior to the sense of pain,
Unwilling murmurs forth a single groan;
Heeds not the war that rages in each vein,
Scarce feels a pang, or feels for me alone,

Late blest'd with soft content, each rising morn
Brought in the happy day, in prospect fair;
The clouds are blacken'd, all is now forlorn,
And ev'ry hour flies forth swift-wing'd with care.

Oh tender moments, whither are ye fled,
That past in love, drew forth our wand'ring feet,
Raptur'd, to trace some warbling brook's wild bed,
While in the shooting grove we shunn'd the heat!

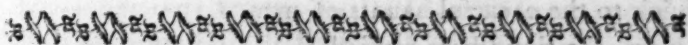
Now trembling, in the dark'ning gloom I stray
Alone, and blest'd with her I love no more!
I mark the night involve the twilight grey,
And the wild waves that flame along the shore.

Amaz'd, I often think a dying knell,
With deepest cadence, vibrates on my ear;
Low murmurs sound, and viewless phantoms yell,
My soul, my startled soul is sunk with fear.

Yet oft, as on my mind these horrors throng,
Hope gilds with transient ray th' alarming hour;
Soon cease to wound my breast these dæmons strong,
I joyful feel, and own the present pow'r.

Dione instant flashes on my view,
 All warm with youth and renovated bloom,
 Fresh as the spring's first blossoms dropping dew,
 Sweet as the morning-rose's best perfume.

Ye gales of health, from western mountains blow,
 Haste, goddess, issue from thy trickling springs,
 Retouch her pallid cheeks with vivid glow,
 Wave soft around her couch your life-restoring wings.



The HARE and the REDBREAST.

A F A B L E.

By the same.

A Famish'd hare, in search of food,
 Forth issu'd from a mazy wood;
 The earth was all bound up with frost,
 And quite in glossy snow seem'd lost;
 Each verdant vegetative plain
 Acknowledg'd winter's drear domain;
 The lazy streams forgot to flow,
 The leafless trees were hung with snow;
 The hare with racking hunger faint,
 Thus murmur'd forth his sad complaint:

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C

I've

I've rang'd o'er all the well-known ground,
And not an herb is to be found;
Unless I get a quick supply,
With pressing famine swift I die.

A redbreast who was sitting near,
The hare's complaint did overhear,
And in compassion of his grief,
Bid him chear up, and hope relief:
Let me conduct you from the fen
Quick to the chearful haunts of men.
Ah no, the timid hare replied,
Another way my steps I'll guide;
I fear, I fear the guileful snares,
Still fatal to the race of hares:
Shall I forget the dewy morn,
When near I heard the hunter's horn,
And sweeping o'er the rising grounds,
I scarce escap'd the following hounds?
But yet if you yourself will venture,
And boldly first their haunts will enter,
On your report that they befriend you,
I then will willingly attend you.
Agreed, the fearless Redbreast cries,
Know that the dangers I despise.
So saying, rapid through the air
He wing'd his flight, and left the Hare.
Next day he came in woful plight,
All dropping blood, a dismal sight,
His gaudy plumage vilely soil'd,
His tuneful throat for ever spoil'd.

Deep

Deep in the winding of the vale,
 Thus to the hare he told his tale.
 Ah me! what ills I have endur'd
 (Ills which, alas! can ne'er be cur'd)
 From wicked man's rapacious race,
 Since last I left you in this place!
 Yon house I did no sooner enter,
 (Of fell barbarity the centre),
 Than by the children rudely seiz'd,
 Hard was my tender body squeez'd;
 My wings they broke, my feathers tore,
 And from my beak fell drops of gore;
 At last they threw me out for dead,
 And here in torment I have fled.
 Oh! lead me to th' impending steep,
 Where nodding woods o'erhang the deep;
 Or place me in the rushy fen,
 Far from the savage haunts of men,
 Where I may safely tune my lays,
 And sing, unhurt, my Maker's praise.



The W I T C H.

By the same.

When I see a magic fair,
 With a spirit in her air,

C 2

And

And behold with deep surprise,
 Fascination in her eyes ;
 When, by some all-powerful charms,
 Swift my burning bosom warms ;
 When by some illusive spell
 I feel the glowing pains of hell ;
 When by a glance I'm wither'd down,
 Or render'd speechless by a frown ;
 When by the beldame's subtle art
 I lose my appetite and heart ;
 Then tell, ye gods, how much I itch,
 To fire at once the potent witch.
 From scheme to scheme I restless turn,
 To make the dread enchantress burn.



The D I N N E R.

A P O E M.

By the same.

THE sun his force abates, 'tis three o'clock,
 Wild o'er the plains of K— sounds the bell,
 And deeply vibrates in the guests' pleas'd ears,
 That in the drawing-room impatient sat,
 Waiting the signal with an eager gult,
 (For still impatience waits on stomach keen),

Tom,

Tom, in important phrase, now quick proclaims
 O'er all the room that dinner has appear'd.
 Up from their chairs they start, but still a care
 Remains, who first shall leave the peopled room.
 At last the wife of Laird array'd in silk,
 From ancient Persia, or farthest Ind,
 That long in depth of wooden chest lay hid,
 For years the prey of ev'ry gnawing moth,
 With sweet reluctant blush leads on the crew.
 Rapid they burst, as when upon the shore
 Of hostile France our warlike Britons pour,
 Boding destruction to that faithless land.
 Haply a handkerchief remains unpinn'd,
 Of lovely Clara, or of Julia fair.
 With eager haste they hurry on their cloaths,
 Then down the stairs they rush, and ope the door.
 A timid blush glows soft on Julia's face,
 Faint peeping through her alabaster skin;
 But Clara is with crimson all o'erspread,
 Like the thin clouds that on a frosty eve
 Skirt with a vivid red the mountain's edge,
 Which long sublime the parting light retains.
 The hostess' lib'ral hand deals out the soup
 In hollow plates, on which the fam'd Chinese
 Have deep impress'd the pencil's finest tints,
 In all extravagant fantastic forms,
 A glare of glowing colours blended wild.
 Plac'd at the table's lower end appears
 Honestus, (by a wittier merrier man
 In fair Fifea, ne'er was rais'd the laugh),

Of largest belly and of roundest face,
Emblem of plenty and serene content,
Where still good nature lov'd to sit and smile.
His province is to parcel out the ham.
Yet don't imagine he forgets himself;
As famous he for eating as for mirth.
A smaller table in the window plac'd,
Next my attention claims; for there appear
The jovial youth, with rosy health adorn'd.
Decorum, decency are quite forbid
That happy place; they bite, they scratch, they tear
Th' untasted morsel from each other's plates,
While ever and anon the loud-voic'd laugh
Impetuous fallies from the jocund heart.
When in my morn of life I there appear'd,
A peerless nymph I often us'd to note,
(Who in St Andrew's town was wont to dwell),
For magnitude of nose and stomach fam'd;
Voraciously carnivorous she was;
Each thing she tasted, down from fattest beef
To frothy fillabubs and jellies thin.
Let not the much-lov'd muse her voice defile,
By naming every dish that crowns the board.
When each keen appetite is fated quite,
Suffice it for to say, the cloth's remov'd,
Discov'ring to the view a polish'd plain,
(Shining like glass), of deep mahogany:
Once when a tree it flourish'd straight and tall,
Luxuriant waving on the Summer isles,
Breathing through air an aromatic smell;

But

But now cut down its present form it wears,
 And by the hand of Nan with waxen cloth,
 Each blushing morn is still incessant rubb'd.
 Now on the table rang'd the glasses stand,
 And bottles amply fill'd with claret red,
 That boasts the warmth of meliorating suns
 Intensely glowing in the south of France.
 Nor is the Lisbon wanting, generous wine,
 The which from Tagus shore the sailor bold,
 When summer-gales invite, advent'rous brings.
 The toast goes round, to every absent friend
 Is fit libation pour'd in measure full.
 The hostess drinks Honestus' infant race;
 He in his turn retoasts fair K——'s Lord,
 A youth whose rosy face red pimples deck;
 For drinking famous, and the game of whist;
 Whose wit, though excellent, is somewhat loud.
 They drink to all; nor is the bard forgot,
 Who thus to lofty strains still-tunes his lyre,
 And deeply poring by a taper dim,
 While dying embers cast a mournful gleam,
 And hollow winds keep whistling through his room,
 Immers'd in study ruminating sits.
 The ladies all Honestus now intreat,
 Renown'd for joyous song and jocund catch,
 To aid their mirth by music's lively sound.
 He straight obeys, his face dress'd up in smiles,
 Such as fair Luna wears, when round and full
 From eastern skies she darts her glories forth,
 Displaying to the sight the waving stream,

The

The verdant mountain, and the shatter'd rock.
 The four and twenty fiddlers now resound
 O'er all the hall, while from the beating heart
 Spontaneous laughter shows a joy sincere.
 Behind the screen the cook and footmen stand,
 Intently gazing on the jolly man ;
 Each bites his lip, unable to keep in
 The mighty mirth that agitates his frame.
 That done, the ladies to their tea withdraw,
 And leave to subtil politics the men.



An EPISTLE to a GENTLEMAN on his
 being elected Member of Parliament.

By the same.

NOW after many well-urg'd bribes,
 Much sober sense, and many gibes,
 Much meat, and much potation strong,
 Much jocund pun and jolly song,
 Much promise that can never fail,
 Much rum in punch, much malt in ale,
 Much beef, much mutton, tart and pye,
 With many jokes reverse of dry,
 And many a smack on lips affix'd,
 Where love with Nantz was intermix'd,

The

The member you're return'd at last,
 And every fear of L——'s past.
 Oh force of resolution bold !
 Oh power of all-persuasive gold !
 Oh art of eloquence divine !
 Oh cash ! oh notes ! oh strength of wine !
 Apollo's last but greatest son
 Now condescends to be a dun ;
 The mighty genius hopes with me
 That of your franks you're very free.
 No doubt you've heard of him from fame,
 So if you please we'll wave his name ;
 His name, my friend, is known to all
 From high St Giles's to St Paul.
 Your sable ink pray never spare,
 And filch a pen from N——'s brown hair ;
 Let fair Elisa furnish paper,
 She'll do it for the poet taper :
 Then when the coffee stands a-settling,
 Just before Harry brings the kettle in,
 And while the tea is yet to make,
 Your grey-goose quill assiduous take ;
 That anxious interval demands
 Relief from thought, so use your hands :
 But should the marmalade appear,
 And should the coffee issue clear,
 That very instant pray give o'er,
 Ev'n N—— himself could write no more ;
 Though ty'd to philosophic rules,
 His passions steer by books and schools.

Think

Think when you've granted me my boon,
What floods of verse will murmur soon,
What seas of ink will roar around,
Swift beating on poetic ground ;
Heroic rhymes shall float in loads,
Whole ships of plays, and boats of odes ;
New poems to your franks well fitted
To D——n shall be transmitted,
Which quickly shall appear in print,
Fresh struck in Fancy's glowing mint ;
Or copy'd out on paper clean,
Shall grace the Scottish magazine ;
Where when in epigram you stand,
Loud peals of laughter shake the land.
Soon new collections shall arise,
New elegies implore your sighs,
New ballads strive to make you smile,
And haply some lone hour beguile.
Oh ecstasy ! how sweet I sing !
How rapid soar on burnish'd wing !
How loudly bursts the daring strain,
By critic hills return'd again,
Where Echo sits on rocky seats,
And like a judge each line repeats !
Ah cease your own praise, here you cry :
I've done, no egotist am I :
Yet spite of all that mor'lists sing,
Self-flatt'ry's no unpleasing thing ;
And were it yours instead of mine,
How much you'd like the lengthen'd line.

Now

Now let me crown my honest lays
 With yours and oratory's praise ;
 Recount how you with patriots side,
 And how you stem corruption's tide ;
 How just you steer through thick and thin,
 Though by the eddy near suck'd in ;
 And how the debt that galls the nation,
 Contributes much to your vexation.
 Methinks I hear you greatly cry,
 (The warm tear starting from your eye,)
 My countrymen, we must disband,
 No longer let the army stand ;
 This load of taxes sure will end us,
 Militia only can defend us.
 Thus you proceed, and swear we're lost ;
 Quite, quite regardless of a post,
 Firm and unshaken you remain,
 Uncurs'd with golden dreams of gain ;
 Until our gracious King at last
 Rewards you well for service past ;
 Then brightens up the louring day,
 The nation's in a charming way :
 Oh give not up the glorious war ;
 Let British thunder roll afar ;
 Go quickly raise ten regiments more,
 And to Germania waft them o'er ;
 Support the kingdom's martial name,
 For seven taxes here's a scheme.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE from the OLD CHAISE
at K—— to a NEW ONE which a
Gentleman brought there.

By the same.

E Ach thing about you is so neat,
Your outside, inside, so complete,
Your wheels and paint so mighty fine,
Your lining quite unlike to mine,
Gilded and varnish'd with such art,
Compar'd to you I'm but a cart;
No doubt with pride you are infected,
Take my advice, be that rejected;
When you have heard my dismal tale,
Such sentiments will ne'er prevail.
I once was beautiful and new,
And made as great a show as you;
My time in visiting was spent,
To ev'ry mortal's house I went;
At my approach much blood was spill'd,
Ducks, turkeys, hens, and geese were kill'd,
While ev'ry heart was in a flutter,
And still the cook was heard to sputter.
Ah me, how neatly was I hung!
On springs of steel I gently swung;
Swift o'er the road I drove along,
Easy with grace and lightly strong.

The

The family could scarce agree,
 For all would strive to fit in me.
 Never was chaise so drove about ;
 But now, alas ! my date is out ;
 I'm mighty crazy grown, and shatter'd ;
 With dirt and horse-dung all bespatter'd ;
 My body, wheels, and shafts are broke,
 They scarce can stand the slightest shock ;
 My paintings gone, worn-out my crest ;
 I soon shall be with them that rest.
 Now * George surveys with wat'ry eyes,
 What once he did so dearly prize ;
 And while of ale he takes a sup,
 He swears that he must give me up.
 Farewell, remember my advice,
 You'll be what I am in a trice.
 I wish you health and many days,
 And am your servant K—— chaise.

* The driver.

The LAWYER'S OVERTHROW; or the
ADVOCATE'S FALL at the Leith Races.

Being an excellent New Ballad, to the tune of
Cherry Chace.

By the same.

I.

GOD prosper long our legs and arms,
Our fingers, ears, and thumbs ;
Keep all our body free from harms,
And oh preserve our bums.
The gentle N—— at break of morn
To Leith he bent his way ;
Clients shall rue that are unborn
The racing of that day.

II.

For oh ! his noble temper's four'd ;
With wit his head is flurry'd ;
With spleen the honest man's devour'd ;
With quibbles he is worry'd :
Now fifty females every day
Are teasing, and are joking ;
They stare, they laugh, they pun away,
And is not that provoking ?

III.

III.

His horse was of the fiery kind,
That laugh to scorn their riders;
Slin was his make before, behind,
And small his legs like spiders.
Tight were the boots that N—— had on,
His spurs they glitter'd finely,
His housings in the sun they shone
With radiant rays divinely.

IV.

You'd think to see this glorious N——
His generous steed bestriding,
That he in fact was not to learn
The noble art of riding:
For he with bold intrepid face
Swift mounted like a dragon;
He seem'd already at the race,
And so he jogg'd his nag on.

V.

All in the coach-horse road he kept,
Full peaceably he ambled,
O'er hills and dales he never swept,
O'er dykes he never scrambled.
Much by the way he mus'd on suits;
To law he's not a stranger;
He thought as little as his boots
His own suit was in danger.

VI.

The company his thoughts arrouse,
 And well he mark'd the odds ;
 To Lords of Session low he bows,
 To captains only nods :
 That day he look'd so wondrous spruce,
 With colour pale and wan,
 That the dark fair, whose name is B——,
 Turn'd envious of the man.

VII.

What, cries the nymph, must I appear
 With hue of a Mulatto !
 While bold audacious N—— rides here
 Like a new-pill'd potatoe !
 Ah cease, sweet maid, the mournful strain,
 Your tears and sighs recall ;
 You have not weep'd and rag'd in vain,
 His pride will have a fall.

VIII.

Now mark the envious stroke of fate :
 His horse unus'd to races,
 Darts off at a prodigious rate,
 And makes towards the chaises :
 Alas ! unknowing what to do
 In this so sad disaster,
 He pull'd, the sweat pour'd off his brow,
 His horse still run the faster.

IX.

IX.

Ignoble dread possess'd him all,
 And still he paler grew ;
 He fear'd so much he'd get a fall,
 That off himself he threw !
 But when the folks in K—— chaise
 Upon him set their eye,
 They nimbly trotted on their bays,
 They roar, they shout, they cry.

X.

All in the dirt he woful lay,
 In sand and waves he sprawl'd,
 His milk-white coat was turn'd to gray,
 And piteously he bawl'd :
 But when again he catch'd his steed,
 And once more set his a—se on,
 So rapidly his ears did bleed,
 He roar'd out for a parson.

XI.

Sore was he scratch'd, his cloaths were torn,
 How doleful were his cries !
 He look'd with grief like one forlorn,
 And tears were in his eyes.
 Oh C——t ! had you but seen his coat,
 And mark'd the rueful gap,
 You'd thought that he'd with gun been shot,
 Or got with sword a rap.

XII.

Immers'd in grief he left the course,
 And sullenly retir'd;
 Then cast a look upon his horse,
 That was by all admir'd;
 For in this look were intermix'd
 Disdain and conscious pride,
 That seem'd to say, with visage fix'd,
 And tell me, can't I ride.

XIII.

As he walks up the Canongate,
 He keeps a bridle-hand,
 While females, Nelly, Jane, and Kate,
 Ask how he sells his land:
 Unmov'd amid the rabble's shout,
 Sedate he keeps his way,
 Though from each window heads pop out,
 And roaring boys huzza.

XIV.

Next day his aunt she sent a card;
 'Twas dated C——'s land,
 She begg'd, that, if it could be spar'd,
 He'd send her down the sand:
 She preach'd up patience to his lot,
 Said chambermaids were lubbers;
 She could not well expect his coat,
 But 'twould do well for rubbers.

XV.

Now, gentle readers, fare ye well,

Remember Mr N——,

Who though he very foully fell,

Yet still he rose up stern.

Oh, if my ballad ye despise,

And don't approve my verses,

Clap it beneath your pigeon-pyes,

Or with it wipe your a——.



In answer to the above.

By W——M N——NE, Esq; Advocate.

YOur humour and jests, merry Andrew, we prais'd,

We laugh'd when your ballad you read ;

'Twas your figure and manner our merriment rais'd,

But the joke, now you print it, is fled.

The

The CLOACINIAD.

A P O E M.

By the Hon. Mr A. E.

P R E F A C E.

*W*Riters, who usher themselves into the world with an appearance of bashfulness and modesty, are generally well received; it implies a consciousness of defect, which the true critic is always pleased with. On the other hand, I have frequently remarked, that the public are very apt to take an author's own account of his work for truth; and, if he, in the preface, extols his book up to the skies, and gives ample information concerning the superiority and excellence of the piece, most people, with great good-nature, believe all he says. What course shall I steer? Shall I, with all submission and humility, implore the compassion of my readers, for a young, a very young poet, who strives to please, though destitute of the power? Or shall I boldly tell them, that this is the most spirited, lively, entertaining thing that has appeared these fifty years? Truth, divine, radiant, heavenly Truth, which has always been my guide, shall now direct me. This therefore is to acquaint all my perusers, that the following poem is truly excellent and admirable; a vein of delicacy, unusual in modern poetry, runs through the whole performance; the harmony of the numbers,

the

'The energetic force of the style, and the aptness and lustre of the similes, are above all praise. I could say more; but flattery, even from my own pen, would certainly disgust me. I shall therefore only add, that the manuscript has met with universal approbation from the best judges in Great Britain, Ireland, and the town of Berwick upon Tweed. It is already translated into the Russian and Norwegian languages; and a great classic scholar of my acquaintance is rendering it into Welch and Irish. As for the verses at the end, they are quite mysterious; however, the penetrating politician will easily perceive, that they are a short severe satire upon Prince Ferdinand and the King of Prussia.

Before I leave off, I must dedicate my poem to all those people, who, as Swift says,

Find great society in stinking.

In fact, a stink is a very sociable thing; it delights in a croud, and is always to be met there. Farewell, good reader: I hope that you and I, according to the phrase of great snuff-takers, will be friends by the nose.

The

The CLOACINIA D.

THE dangers which the wretched mortal meets,
 Who dares at ten to tread Edina's streets,
 The various stench which assail his nose,
 The show'rs that bode distraction to his cloaths,
 The awful horrors of the gloomy time,
 Peculiar only to the Scotian clime,
 I strive to sing; if CLOACINA deign,
 To smile ineffable upon the strain,
 To swell her bard with wild poetic fits,
 As in aerial little house she sits,
 An ample box of pills in either hand,
 Her looks fast fix'd upon her fav'rite land:
 If you, propitious power, assist my lays,
 Quick to your honour'd name a fane I'll raise,
 Where each returning morn, before your eyes,
 In heaps the incense lov'd by you shall rise;
 The fragrant smoke shall climb the yielding air,
 A scent delicious to each heav'nly fair.
 Fir'd with my theme, along the banks I've rov'd
 Of the North-loch, by Cloacina lov'd,
 And nobly thirsting for an honest fame,
 Have drunk the more than Heliconian stream.

Genius of SWIFT, attend, and guide my pen,
 Begin description. Hark! the clock strikes ten.
 Now from a thousand windows cat'raets flow,
 Which make a deluge in the streets below:

How

How quick the streams along the pavement run,
 Sad to behold, and difficult to shun:
 Hear, through the gloom, how loud the kennels roar,
 Like crouding billows bursting on the shore.
 Yet 'tis not liquid all, for something hard
 Oft paints the only cov'ring of a bard.
 So when some raging river bursts its course,
 Whole woods it bears along with rapid force;
 Nay, hapless labourers are torn away,
 And float towards the main on cocks of hay:
 Or, as when winter chills the northern lands,
 And numb'd with cold the icy trav'ler stands,
 The lucid snows that dance amid the gale,
 Are often mix'd with rattling show'rs of hail.

If, chance, a more than putrid smell offends,
 Which with redoubled force your nose ascends,
 From the poor youth it comes, who, lost to ease,
 Bought in the harlot's lap a fell disease,
 Who calls on Mercury to cure the scars,
 Which luckless he receiv'd in Venus' wars;
 Ten thousand curses he on Love bestows,
 And prays to Cloacina for a nose.

Now Cloacina quits the starry skies;
 To fair Edina swift the goddess flies;
 She darts along quick as pale Luna's ray,
 While smells ambrosial scent the milky way;
 A roll of paper in her hand she bears,
 A flaming robe of yellow tinct she wears,

A crown of leeks adorns her lovely head,
 And still a pleasant balm she loves to shed,
 Such balm as can from pow'rs celestial flow,
 Unlike what's shed by mortals here below ;
 High o'er the town she hangs, and bounteous flings
 Ten thousand odours from her fragrant wings.
 Where e'er her potent influence breathes around,
 Ten thousand t—ds lie smoking on the ground.
 All, all to her the ready tribute pay,
 They feel the motion, and they straight obey :
 All, all acknowledge then her sovereign rule,
 While bursts from ev'ry bum the plenteous stool.

'Tis said, sagacious people may be found,
 To tell who once the various ordure own'd,
 And from what bum it plump'd into the pot,
 Or close-stool, like a chair by artist wrought.
 Although the study's curious, I believe,
 Like physiognomy, 'twill oft deceive.
 On the sweet art we little can depend,
 Where brown, and black, and yellow, closely blend.
 So when some cook a salmagundy makes,
 And fish and tear-compelling onion takes,
 Mix'd with such skill the rich materials lie,
 None know the diff'rence till they taste and try :
 Or when in fair Augusta's crouded streets,
 A boxing gentleman a porter meets,
 Blow follows blow, and, like engaging bulls,
 They bore and batter with their heavy sculls ;
 When swift from each descends the sanguine flood,
 Who knows the noble from the vulgar blood ?

I charge ye, walking youths, whate'er ye do,
 Beware the gilding of the blacken'd shoe ;
 But if, unheeding, you your footsteps press
 In what I dare not name, but ye may guess,
 As hell, the lady's drawing-room avoid ;
 With that perfume the fair are often cloy'd :
 The snowy salts are call'd, and, with a stroke,
 The room is clear'd of honest harmless Shock.
 Alas ! whate'er philosophers may think,
 Poor dogs are often beat when mortals stink :
 Well with our venom'd nature passion suits,
 What cruelty alas is shewn to brutes !
 To beasts and birds each day destruction brings,
 Poor playful cats are hang'd in hempen strings :
 See ! pierc'd with sharpest pins, unhappy flies
 Flap their light wings, and strive in vain to rise ;
 Nay, cocks, immur'd for weeks in darksome den,
 Fight till they die, spurr'd on by savage men.

Now, he whom dire necessity constrains
 To walk, at falling night, through narrow lanes,
 With cautious fear, and trembling step proceeds,
 And, if he is a Papist, counts his beads.
 Fall oft his voice repeats the known command,
 While the whole city echoes, *Had your band.*
 But if a window opes, he dreads a snow'r,
 He thinks he hears whole tubs around him pour ;
 Keen palpitations seize him for his coat,
 Nor is his hat and newest wig forgot.
 So when great Love stalks slow in Hamlet's ghost,
 And seems more pamper'd from his hellish roast ;

He looks so jolly, and so wondrous pale,
 Terrific clad in canvas coat of mail,
 That the whole upper gall'ry's seen to start,
 Lost in amazement with his magic art;
 Before their eyes soul-chilling visions swim,
 And witches ride the winds from Pittenweem *.
 Or when some falcon of a noble size,
 Darts swiftly sweeping down the azure skies,
 Rapaciously intent to bear away,
 In her strong grasp some fearful trembling prey,
 Close to the earth the feather'd nations cling,
 Nor trust the air, nor trust the soaring wing.

The gentle Florio long Misella lov'd,
 And various ways his urgent passion prov'd :
 Did she at rout, or church, or play appear,
 Strait in a moment Florio was there,
 He follow'd her so close, both night and day,
 That scarce the nymph to Cloacine could pray.
 Not lonely shades to him who pines with grief,
 Nor mustard to the man who dines on beef,
 Not peace to hostile nations drain'd with war,
 Nor to a modern pair the gilded car,
 Not to the blind the sweet approach of light,
 Were half so pleasant as Misella's sight.
 She still his partner was at ev'ry ball,
 Nor could her person e'er with Florio pall :
 Nay, often like a man of ready rhyme,
 He thus describ'd his fair in strains sublime:

* A town on the east coast of Fife, famous long ago for witches.

" Soft as she moves, her airy vesture floats
 " In full luxuriance to the mellow notes ;
 " Whene'er the nymph the soul of music wakes,
 " A deep attention ev'ry hearer takes ;
 " 'The notes that wildly swell, and trembling die,
 " Lodge in the raptur'd air, and pant along the sky."
 Well Florio knew that his delicious maid
 Lik'd music well, but most the serenade.
 For this, one eve, he chose a skilful band,
 And near Misella's window took his stand.
 The instruments were cull'd with special care ;
 Here breath'd a hautboy, and a bagpipe there ;
 Two jovial fiddles, one had lost a string,
 And the town-crier was employ'd to sing :
 But, first, the bass emits a groan profound,
 With which the fiddles mix their squeaking sound :
 The water-music all your hearing craves,
 Which sails along the kennel's silver waves.
 Then Florio rais'd his voice ; but as he sung,
 A tub's contents are on his body flung :
 Dire execrations tremble from his mouth,
 And daub'd with filth is seen the lovely youth.
 Ah ! what avails his nicely-powder'd hair,
 Toupeed and paper'd for an hour by Vair ?
 From his fair locks the torrent flows in streams,
 And like some rising water-god he seems.
 The sly Misella is with laughter tore ;
 She orders him to see her face no more.
 Home by his friends the wretched Florio's led ;
 But, seiz'd with grief, he never left his bed :

To his last hour he damn'd the drenching tub,
And till he ceas'd to breathe was forc'd to scrub.

To shun the mournful horrors which impend
O'er all our heads, and threaten to descend,
I mean to teach in precepts long unsung,
Neglected by the bards who deal in dung.
Too oft the poet's page with battle glows,
Or dull with dry morality o'erflows;
On monarchs oft he wastes his heav'nly fire,
And suits to grov'ling themes the god-like lyre.
Ah! sure such follies must unheeded lie;
They cannot with my serious labours vie.

Trust not the narrow lane of noxious smell,
Dark as the entrance of a hermit's cell,
Dark as the cloud that charg'd with lightning lours,
Or heavy bursts with unremitting show'rs;
But keep the centre of the ample street,
And wing, with fearful haste, your flying feet.
When Phœbus' son before his father lay,
And begg'd to rule the bright machine of day,
Thus Sol the headstrong Phaeton advis'd,
That if the chariot or his life he priz'd,
That if he strove to drive, with anxious care,
His fiery cattle through the fields of air,
And if he sought to swell the breath of fame,
To keep the middle path, nor tempt th' extreme.

Ye sparkling fair, when through the streets ye bound,
 Let not your flowing garments trail the ground :
 Ah ! do not soil the gaudy shining train,
 Procur'd by falling tears, and paid with pain.
 These rules observe, and you may walk away,
 Though pisspots threaten, and though tubs dismay.

Soon as the vivid dawn of day is seen,
 The early scavengers the city clean ;
 The tainted air is sweeten'd and refin'd ;
 With safety walk the aged and the blind.
 Thus in the gloom of night, when rains descend,
 And adverse winds o'er all the deep contend,
 Whene'er the sun emerges from the waves,
 The boist'rous tempests seek their empty caves,
 Rains cease to fall, soft breezes gently blow,
 The face of nature wears a chearful glow ;
 Enliv'ning lustre shines through all the sky,
 Gleams on the sea, and sparkles in each eye.

And now at length the glorious work is done,
 Which must through crouds of Scotian critics run.
 Ye flowing, tender, sentimental lines,
 May ye be quoted oft in magazines ;
 At last, when moths the page shall moulder down,
 And obsolete and old the verse is grown,
 May some great bard resume my useful toil,
 Refine my manly sense, and modernize my style.

VERSES on an AUTHOR's First Play.

By the same.

E——'s finish'd, meaner plays give place,
 Swoln vanity informs the author's face;
 Still more erect and tall our poet walks,
 And like the bloody ghost of Banquo stalks;
 He views, with pride and rapture in his eyes,
 The scenes in sweet absurdity arise,
 The genuine heaviness of ev'ry line,
 And longs to lay the piece at Dulness' shrine;
 He seeks the temple of the Mighty Pow'r,
 The youth address'd her in a lucky hour:
 For all that morn the eastern gale had blown,
 So dark the day that even owls had flown.

Upon a marshy plain the temple stood,
 And near it rose of pine a gloomy wood.
 Here Dulness' subjects, wet with noxious dews,
 Were wont to rove, and court the slumb'ring muse;
 Here Cibber, Shadwell, and great Blackmore stray'd,
 Their songs and epics sounding through the shade:
 Swift to this place all modern blockheads bend;
 See elegiac E——e hither tend;
 Here H— his S— of A—— wrote,
 Immortal for a total want of thought.

Through

Through the dark grove with ease our hero trod ;
 The trees in honour, as he passes, nod ;
 Conscious of some superior fool, they shak'd,
 And all the country to its centre quak'd ;
 The dusky mists with double blackness fly,
 And glooms and vapours sail along the sky.

The hero thunders at the temple-gates,
 He thunders loud, nor long for entrance waits ;
 But slowly through the court the bard proceeds,
 For Sloth his footsteps to the goddess leads.
 He found th' immortal fair upon a bed,
 A S——'s hift'ry open near her head ;
 Near to her couch the Dutchman Ign'rance sat,
 And prattling folly with a world of chat :
 Bull the Hibernian, and Humbug was there,
 A filly dæmon with a lying air ;
 And Pedantry profound of Scottish stem,
 With look demure, and magisterial hem.
 The lofty walls were foil'd with bawdy lines ;
 And here and there lay loads of magazines,
 With heaps of pamphlets wrote on peace and war,
 And labour'd pleadings recent from the bar.
 S—— gaz'd at all with wonder in his face,
 And thus accosts the goddess of the place.
 Great Deity, he cry'd, a piece I've brought,
 Devoid of fancy, elegance, and thought ;
 A leaden coldness runs through ev'ry part ;
 Know, Goddess, I disdain to touch the heart ;

O'er

O'er the drear waste no beauteous landscape shines,
Not one bright fancy in a thousand lines.
Of plagiaries S—— alone is he,
Who plunders nonsense and stupidity;
I glean from ev'ry page that has been writ
The vile insipid dross, and not the wit;
Oh then, with soften'd eyes, my offspring view,
The piece is worthy me, and worthy you.

He ceas'd, when lo the goddess, from her bed,
The following speech in loving accent made.
Through my soft breast maternal fondness runs,
When I behold the greatest of my sons.
Know, then, the source of your poetic fire,
A Grubstreet ballad-maker was your fire;
But to be born in Scotia was your doom,
As once I made a friendly trip to H—.
Go prosper then, may each succeeding lay
Be still more stupid than your first-born play.
Think not at writing well my poets strive;
No, writing ill is all at which they drive:
What Cibber, or what Shadwell was before,
Thou, thou, my son, shalt be, and somewhat more.
Few are matur'd in dulness all at once,
But you was born a most accomplish'd dunce.
Write boldly on, and learn that you shall come
Late to the snuff-shop, later to the bum.

The PIGS, an ELEGY, occasioned by
seeing two that were roasting;

In imitation of the LARKS, an ELEGY,
occasioned by seeing two that were shot *.

By the same.

SURE more than barb'rous was the butcher's heart,
Hard and unfeeling of a fow's sad wo,
Who cut your tender throats with impious art,
And saw from two such pigs the warm blood flow.

While yet within his mother's womb he lay,
On gibbet high his hapless father hung;
He robb'd the mail upon the King's highway,
But catch'd, confess'd it with a fault'ring tongue.

This butcher ne'er his alphabet could learn,
Which cost him many a sob and trickling tear;
With patient hand he ne'er his hose could dearn,
But harmless larks he would in picces tear.

Nor felt the charms of matrimonial love;
For oft with cruel arm his wife he beat;
With tender names, as darling, dear, and dove,
This gloomy wretch ne'er sooth'd his ragged mate.

* See the first volume of this collection, p. 69.

In vain at his inhospitable stall,
 With wagging tails, might curs a bone intreat;
 The canine race for him might perish all,
 And wand'ring shiver in the hungry street.

In vain might you with fullest pots of ale,
 This fiend inhuman, ardent, strive to please;
 In vain with tripe his stomach keen regale,
 Or tempt him with the sight of toasted cheese.

Humanity was from his bosom fled;
 There nought but rage and hate could ever dwell,
 By whose dire hand these gentle creatures bled,
 And in a tide of gore unpitied fell.

No more enliven'd by the genial stink,
 In sweet excursions through Edina's street,
 Pleas'd shall you rove along the kennel's brink,
 And with your squeaks and grunts musicians greet.

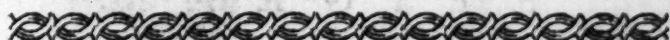
No fragrant dunghill e'er shall you invite,
 To consummate the melting rites of love;
 No youthful progeny shall you delight,
 No infant race of pigs your care shall prove.

Yet shall you live, and all shall feel your wrong,
 If not in vain your roasting I relate;
 Perhaps some greater bard may swell the song,
 And he who sung the larks may sing your fate.

E P I G R A M.

By the same.

SIR John is departed, my lady's in fits,
 Poor Polly her maid is quite out of her wits,
 But knowing that water's oft us'd in this case,
 She pours some in her mouth, and she sprinkles her face.
 The fair one awakes, crying, Out wench unhandy!
 Why water apply, when you knew there was brandy?



E P I G R A M.

By the same.

I Hear, the jealous husband cries,
 A vain and tinsell'd race,
 All day survey with ogling eyes
 My lovely Lucia's face.
 No, no, quoth Clodio, 'tis a lie,
 She hates the glaring light;
 Fearing rude tongues might her belie,
 She sees them in the night.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

By the same.

IN vain each day with hideous clack
 You wind for hours your noisy jack;
 In spite of this fly way of boasting,
 We're all convinc'd there's nothing roasting.



E P I G R A M.

By the same.

DEAR Doctor, your wife in the parlour's a dying,
 And for your assistance is roaring and crying.
 Let her die, quoth the doctor, my faith I'll ne'er mar it,
 Pray never mind me, I'll slip up to the garret.



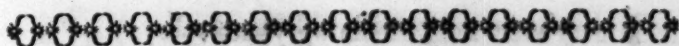
E P I G R A M.

By the same.

ONce Clodio's productions lay
 Within his hide-bound brains,
 But now in print they see the day,
 And glorious are his gains.

Their

Their case, I think, is somewhat odd,
 It needs must make you laugh,
 For what's most whimsical, by G—
 They're still inclos'd in calf.



E P I G R A M.

By the same.

SAYS Chloe to Phillis, That mortal your spouse,
 I swear, every day that more wicked he grows;
 The excess of his vice I am sorry to tell;
 How shocking, my dear, should the man go to hell!
 Thus Phillis reply'd, with a smile on her face,
 I may easily, sure, keep him out of that place;
 You know to good wives there is such a power given;
 For I never yet heard that a cuckold mis'd heaven.



To Lady M——Y M——s.

By Mr LAUCHLAN MACPHERSON.

IMpartial Muse, begin the song;
 Parnassus gives thee leave
 To quit his brow, to rise more strong,
 More honour to receive.

VOL II.

F

While

While thy fair sisters string the lyre
For modish pride or drefs,
Come thou, where Virtue blows thy fire,
And yet requires it lefs.

Didst ever view fuch blooming youth!
Maria's boundlefs ftore
Of matchlefs beauty! artlefs truth!
Maria ftill has more.

Religion's awful courfe divine
Inspires her god-like tafte;
Ambitious only there to fhine,
She ftives to hide the reft.

Her hand the lenient balfam takes,
Prepares for the diftrefs'd;
The fick the happy trial makes,
And grateful beats his breaft.

The fmiling poor upon her land
What joyous tears they fhed!
While, fteward-like, with angel-hand,
She deals them health and bread.

Ye reptile little fouls below,
This radiant light purfue,
Which heaven, in pity to your wo,
Has here expos'd to view.

If sprightly wit, and virtue join'd,
Your imitation call;
If nameless charms with these combin'd,
Here seek and find them all.

Here all the sportive Graces play,
As round a meteor bright,
Whose smile is universal day,
Whose frown is gloomy night.

Ye haughty fair, ye careless, blind,
To you this light is giv'n,
To mend the errors of your mind,
And pilot you to heav'n.



To Lady M—K——H.

By the same.

THOU fruit of the immortal Muse
Thy shade, thy tuneful aid infuse;
A theme so heav'nly fair
Demands thy utmost strength and fire;
Apollo's gift, that sacred lyre
The gods would deign to hear.

That Lyra (now an orb on high)
Oft mov'd the seeds of earth and sky,
In sportive mirth around;

When Orpheus touch'd the trembling string,
Ev'n lifeless objects form'd the ring,
And beat the loaded ground.

Bless'd shade ! inspire th' advent'rous swain,
No low-born subject tempts my strain,
To fill the vocal wood ;
No reptile rais'd to high degree,
Nor phantom Venus from the sea,
'Tis real flesh and blood.

No fabled Cytherea here,
No Cyprian beauty insincere,
By lawless pleasure led ;
No lustful goddess of desire,
To ravish fam'd Æneas' fire,
Or stain her Vulcan's bed,

No :—here a real goddess charms !
And spotless fills Æneas' arms,
And softens all his care !
Here virtue, wit, and beauty join,
Here all with force united shine
That paint the heavenly fair !

'Twas lately, by command from Jove,
The heav'nly host conven'd above,
In solemn council join'd,
When he, inthron'd above the whole,
Prepares to ease his pregnant soul,
And speak his mighty mind.

As first the awful Thund'rer spoke,
Earth, air, and sea tremendous shook !

All nature feels his nod !

When now he stills the pond'rous ball,
Attentive silence hangs o'er all,

And thus the ruling god :

" Immortal denizens of air,

My fix'd resolve in council hear ;

Why should not gods have grace ?

Our Cyprian Venus, true, is fair,

But still (as virtue's not her care)

The scandal of our race.

How she has prostitute her charms,

Anchises, and the god of arms,

The horrid freedoms prove :

Now hear, in council, my decree,

Nor ever more shall Venus be

The smiling queen of love.

In Scotia, near Moravia's shore,

And Nessia's foot, appears a tower,

Whose chalky height commands

Sweet prospects ! here a wood-girt-lake,

There spacious plains, whose flowers bedeck

The mild Æneas' lands.

Æneas, more than mortals blest'd,

Good in himself, by him possess'd

The love-inspiring queen,

Whom I ordain for Venus' chair,
More virtuous far, and far more fair,
These ample towers contain.

There center youth, and wit, and fire;
There all that gods and men admire;

Ye heavenly host approve
My will, my law, my fix'd decree,
Now Anna shall for ever be
The smiling queen of love."

Just approbation rings on high!
Loud acclamation fills the sky,

And sounds from shore to shore!
When umpire Jove his mind display'd,
All rush to seal the sacred deed:
The gods could do no more.



To a Clergyman and his Spouse.

By the same.

A Saying goes round,
That seldom are found
United in any one place,
Those ornaments whole
Of body and soul,
Most exquisite beauty and grace.

The

OF ORIGINAL POEMS. 67

The proverb is wrong,
I prove it in song,
A thousand exceptions I know;
But the foremost is rare,
Our priest and his fair
Are a faint and an angel below!

His piety warms!
She kills with her charms!
Her eye is a keen-piercing dart!
Both using their skill,
I'm sure it would fill
With love and devotion each heart.

Religion alone
Makes heaven our own,
And G——e with grace is endow'd;
Yet prizing that grace
Before Ch——'s face
Is rather too pious and good.

An

AN EVENING WALK in the Abbey Church
of HOLYROODHOUSE.*By J. B. Esq;**Now let imagination form a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*

SHAKESPEARE.

SUCH is the present time ; now sober eve
 Has drawn her sable curtain o'er the earth,
 And hush'd the busy world to soft repose.
 Come then, my soul, compose each faculty,
 And bid thy restless passions be at peace ;
 Here's room for sacred, solemn meditation ;
 Pleasing employment of the serious mind !
 Ah ! what a melancholy change is here !
 This chapel, where our ancient Scottish kings,
 With awful pomp, and dread solemnity,
 Have worshipp'd the Most High, must now become
 A sacrifice to desolating Time !
 This venerable roof, which oft has rung
 With the Almighty's praise, must fall a prey
 To the rude winds !
 Lo ! in that gloomy vault, in yonder corner,
 Our Caledonian monarchs are entomb'd,
 And (dreary spectacle of human wo !)
 Unheeded lie !—save when the pensive sage

Deep

Deep moralizes on th' uncertain fate
 Of human grandeur ;—melancholy thought !
 That the remains of monarchs once renown'd,
 Whom once our fam'd progenitors obey'd,
 Should now become the gaze of fools, who view
 Their precious reliques with an idiot grin !
 And shall these sacred walls, this hallow'd fane,
 Majestic ev'n in ruin ! shall it fall ?
 Neglected fall, through shameful indolence ?
 Bane of our land ! upbraid, ye royal shades,
 Who, pale and wan, with solemn steps and slow,
 Traverse these mournful, unfrequented isles,
 And nightly walk your solitary rounds !
 Upbraid a shameful, a degenerate race ;
 A race, that, sunk in luxury, permits
 These the remains, where once their glory grew,
 Through vile neglect, to moulder into dust.

Are Scotia's sons, then, so forgetful grown ?
 And is there none with sacred pity mov'd,
 To see this holy edifice laid waste ?
 Yes, there's a man,—my heart warms at the name,
 * COCHRAN ! whose soul with gen'rous ardour fir'd,
 Rescu'd from ruin this illustrious pile.
 For him my tender muse would fain attempt
 To raise her humble song ; fain would she try
 With such a theme t' enrich her feeble lays :

* The Earl of DUNDONALD, who obtained an order from the
 Barons of Exchequer to have it repaired.

But

But 'tis enough ; his fame needs no such aid ;
 His reputation never shall decay,
 But in each Scottish breast inscrib'd shall live.



E P I G R A M.

By the same.

BRisk Nell, t'other day, (not suspecting a crime),
 Was telling she lately had coupled a rhyme ;
 A right rev'rend parson, who chanc'd to be there,
 Composing his face with a serious air,
 Declar'd it had been his opinion *jampridem*,
 That poets and lighthead were *unum et idem*.
 I agree with you, Doctor, entirely, says Nell,
 For a heavy head never can write verses well ;
 Yet spare your sage maxims, for surely 'tis true,
 Cork becomes us much better than lead becomes you.

To

TO the COUNTESS of GALLOWAY,
on the Death of her Son the Honourable
GEORGE STEWART, Esq; killed at
Ticonderoga.

By the same.

W Hilst hapless Caledonia, bath'd in tears,
Mourns o'er her gen'rous sons, who bravely
fought,

And at Ticonderoga breath'd their last;
Amid the gen'ral sorrow might the Muse,
Might she presume to court the tender ear
Of GALLOWAY, who on that fatal day,
By war's dread jav'lin, lost her blooming son;
Might she attempt, with melancholy strains,
To sooth the anguish of her troubled breast,
And echoing soft the universal voice,
Say that he glorious died in honour's bed:
Enough; --- for see! meek Patience, dove-ey'd maid,
Divinely radiant! pours the lenient balm
Of consolation o'er her bleeding heart,
And heav'n-born Piety supports her soul.

O may the bright example lead the great
To tread her golden footsteps, when they see
That a good heart, by bless'd Religion warm'd,
Ev'n in adversity can smile serene.

O D E

ODE on the Death of Marshal KEITH.

By the same.

I.

MElpomene, divine, Saturnian maid!
 Propitious to my numbers lend thine aid;
 My bosom fire:
 O! while I raise the plaintive song,
 Descend from the celestial throng,
 And guide the lyre.

II.

Me Caledonia whisper'd in a dream,
 Her eyes o'erflowing with a copious stream
 Of heart-felt tears,
 Great KEITH is fall'n, his country's boast!
 Hung'ry's as well as Prussia's host
 His name reveres.

III.

O'er the wide sea, on Fancy's pinions born,
 Behold the hapless, unsuccessful morn,
 With conscious pride:
 See! see! how on that fatal day,
 Intrepid, and without dismay,
 He nobly dy'd!

IV.

Let dire Bellona sound the hero's praise,
And crown his temples with immortal bays,
 Won by the sword:
For though it was his fate to fall,
Yet Prussia's glorious annals shall
 His name record.

V.

Be thine the softer task, my son, she said,
Now that his body in the dust is laid,
 His death to mourn,
With grief's sad, undisguised face;
And with sepulchral honours grace
 His sacred urn.

VI.

O could my humble verses ought avail,
I'd ever sing the melancholy tale
 With weeping eyes:
But stay, my muse, thy grief is vain,
Great KEITH shall still immortal reign
 Above the skies.

EPIGRAM on hearing that Mr THEOPHILUS CIBBER, Comedian, was drowned in his passage to Ireland.

To a FRIEND.

By the same.

'T'Was hard indeed, 'twas wondrous hard,
When but one ship was lost,
Unnumber'd souls should be o'erwhelm'd
On Caledonia's coast.
Now, that this epigram, good Sir,
You may not nonsense call,
Pray think that CIBBER was *mankind*,
Tb' epitome of all.

On the Contest between the AUTHOR of an
Estimate of the Manners and Principles
of the Times, and the WRITERS in op-
position to him.

A S I M I L E.

By the same.

—— *Sic parvis componere magna solebam.* VIRG.

SO, when a tender stripling, have I seen
Upon Shrove-Tuesday, when the schoolboys stand
Tumultous

Tumultuous round, exulting to behold
 Minerva's birds engage, a dunghill-cock
 Match'd with a gallant fowl of gen'rous breed :
 Though, by the potent weapons of his foe,
 The pusillanimous and abject thing
 Is soon beat off; yet, by I know not what
 Of bastard courage warm'd, he claps his wings,
 And, each joint quaking like an aspen leaf,
 He aims a blow, and then—takes to his heels ;
 Whilst the by-standers all, indignant, raise
 One universal hiss



On hearing that Mr DIGGES and Mrs WARD
 were lost in the Irish seas.

A FANTASTICAL ESSAY.

By the same.

DOst thou behold, my soul, with wild surprise,
 The foaming surges round the vessel rise ?
 Do I the real scene of horror view ?
 Or does distemper'd fancy paint it true ?
 Methinks I hear th' affrighted sailors shriek,
 While fast the sea upsprings through every leak.

But chief for Digges and Ward the muse would raise,
 With conscious grief, the melancholy lays ;

Oft has ſhe, by their aid, felt with new fire,
'The noble thoughts which Shakeſpear's lines inſpire.

Angels and miniſters ! Prince Hamlet cries,
While poor Monimia, faint, with ſtreaming eyes,
To her Caſtalo for protection flies. }
Caſtalo ! can we hope for nought but death ?
Yet will I love thee with my laſteſt breath.
My ſon ! my ſon ! the tender dame exclaims,
Whoſe ſwelling boſom Home's bright fire inflames.

Again, the nobly-frantic Zanga raves, }
I like this rolling of the boiſ't'rous waves.
Jane Shore moſt wretched, trembling, pity craves.

Oſmyn each impious thought with caution checks,
Who ſhall eternal juſtice dare to tax ?

Othello ſays, Haſt thou yet pray'd, my love ?
When, lo ! the raging billows from above,
The ſhip with unrelenting fury daſh,
Whoſe ſhatter'd fragments part with hideous craſh.
Sweet Belvidera ſwoons in Jaffier's arms,
At once are ſunk his genius and her charms,

On hearing that the Report was false.

By the same.

THanks be to heaven, the mournful tale is vain,
Must, lift thy voice, and touch a happier strain;
For Digges and Ward, the darlings of the age,
Shall yet with native lustre grace the stage.
Ev'n Ocean's self rejoices when he hears
The lucky disappointment of their fears.
If music's art can savage force restrain,
More pow'rful eloquence can calm the main.

Such fab'ulous lays as these might well belong
To ancient Heathen bards and Heathen song;
But may their hearts still warmly grateful be
To the almighty Ruler of the sea.



AN EPISTLE to Mr DIGGES.

By the same.

APollo's self might well inspire
The fav'rite bard, whose tuneful lyre,
In numbers equal to the theme,
Would try to celebrate thy name;
And he of Helicon's pure spring
Should deeply drink, who means to sing

Of one, who with such splendor shines,
 That, otherwise admired lines,
 Are (like productions of a Bayes)
 But slightly read with little praise.

Such, Sir, we've seen *,—yet, O forgive
 A muse that scarcely hopes to live,
 Whose infant steps can hardly creep
 Up high Parnassus' dang'rous steep ;
 Forgive, if she with ardour warm'd,
 Though by just diffidence alarm'd,
 Presume to raise her trembling song,
 And, joyful, say, with gladsome tongue,
 What my affection greatly loves,
 And what Truth with a smile approves.

I would not in these artless lays
 Again rehearse my Digges's praise ;
 An abler pen by far than mine
 Has happy touch'd the rich design,
 Whose verses elegantly flow,
 And with poetic beauties glow ;
 While each description paints a scene
 That Scotia will confess *has been*.

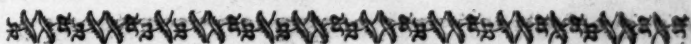
My humbler unambitious task,
 Which will not reputation ask,

* This alludes to some verses which appeared in the Caledonian Mercury, celebrating Mr Digges in a variety of characters.

Is only to approach thine ear,
And in mild accents make thee hear,
That all with zeal to aid thee burn,
And with incessant thy return.

Chiefly dear Caledonia's fair,
Who, with a soft enchanting care,
Shall o'er our theatre preside,
And kind applaud thy noble pride.

Come then, delight our wond'ring eyes,
Come, and illume our northern skies,
Come, please an ever-grateful age,
And yet restore our sinking stage.



E P I G R A M.

By the same.

AN ox and ass together yok'd,
Of old the Jewish nation shock'd;
But Britain, still more strange! can show
An ox and angel in one plow.

To a FRIEND, with the present of a Book.

By the same.

Friendship, I've always thought, resembles love;
As both descended from the realms above,
To bless mankind with happiness supreme,
And make this world a second Eden seem.

Pleas'd with the soft similitude, I send
This book a present to my worthy friend;
Which, like a lady's to her humble slave,
Is valu'd only for the hand that gave.



EPIGRAM to a young LADY, on
being favoured with a Sight of her
Drawings.

By the same.

IN vain, lovely creature! you show me your art
In painting with delicate taste:
The picture already you've form'd in my heart,
Makes others seem trifling at best.

To Miss KITTY C——.

By the same.

KITTY, think, though every grace
Sparkles in thy charming face,
Though thy fine complexion shows
Lilies blending with the rose,
Though thy features gaily shine,
Though thy form's almost divine;
Yet shouldst thou, (which kind heav'n avert)
With an unrelenting heart,
Cloth'd with cruel killing airs,
Laugh at all thy lovers prayers,
Kitty, now so mild, so good,
Should become an arrant prude,
Peevish as three score and ten,
Scorn of virgins, jest of men.

Think not, fair one, that your slave
Vainly means in verse to rave;
Friendship only bids me say,
Love and beauty have their day.

To

To the AUTHOR of the foregoing Verses.

By the same.

HAppy bard, who without fear
Durst approach sweet Kitty's ear;
Gaily indolent couldst say,
"Love and beauty have their day."

Though I've studied to obtain
Freedom from vile envy's pain,
Yet it rises in my breast,
When I think that thou'rt so blest,
As to talk to her — with ease
Gentle as soft vesper's breeze,
Yet alas indeed so fair
As to load my heart with care;
Whilst I, love-sick, wander o'er
Scenes I jovial trod before.

But if (as I suspect) 'tis true,
Fond, dissembling swain, that you,
Under friendship's sober name,
Slily hide an am'rous flame,
Envy flies, and I, poor elf,
Pity one wretched like myself.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

By the same.

Jack Bluster, a comical jolly old boy,
Who oft would his jokes on the clergy employ,
Once meeting with Sly a levitical wit,
Whose humour was sterling, whose satire still hit;
Thus address'd him, "High Priest! your opinion I
crave,

The case is as follows; I carefully have
Fresh water in pipes to the Poor's-house convey'd;
A cursed good action, by all 'tis agreed:
Sure then I may safely through purgat'ry tread,
Without ever singeing a hair of my head."

"Well said, (quoth the Doctor), yet, if I'm not
wrong,
Your *pipes* I'd advise you to carry along."

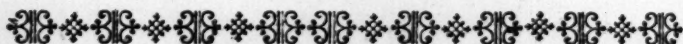


E P I G R A M.

By the same.

A Hard-hearted wretch thus derided his wife,
Who in mis'ry exclaim'd she was weary of life:
"What

“ What a plague makes you bawl so? for pain I feel
 none,
 And you know well that my flesh and yours are but
 one.”



S O N G.

By the same.

YOU tell me, dear Tom, like a faint-hearted toad,
 You're surpris'd I'm so chearful when going
 abroad ;

That, for your part, you'd have, if you were in my case,
 A compos'd pensive mind, and a grave serious face.

Derry down, &c.

No doubt, you're a gentleman prudent and cool,
 And I can't deny but I've oft play'd the fool ;
 Yet here I maintain that my system's the best ;
 For a phiz of solemnity, Sir, I detest.

I'm always so jocular, happen what will,
 I scarce seem to know what is good from what's ill :
 Yet now you imagine I should be sedate,
 Since I'm wholly uncertain what may be my fate.

But why should anxiety vex us, my friend ?
 What the devil care I how the fisters intend :
 If I'm knock'd o' the head, to new regions I'll go,
 And be as merry there as I've been here below.

VERSES

VERSES on Lord WARKWORTH's going a Volunteer to Germany, 1760.

By the same.

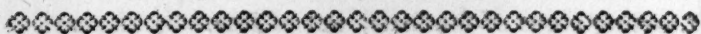
WHile Britain, to subdue the pride of France,
 Bids her bold army to the field advance,
 The generous Piercy and his noble spouse,
 Th' illustrious heads of an illustrious house!
 Are pleas'd to think their darling son should go
 On distant plains to meet th' insulting foe:
 Decent affection makes 'em shed a tear,
 At parting; out of fondness, not of fear.

Old Albion rears her venerable head,
 Joyous to see from her bless'd clime not fled
 The genius brave of the Northumbrian line,
 Whose warlike deeds in her bright annals shine.

Like gallant Hotspur, England's grief and pride!
 In whose warm blood young Harry's sword was dy'd,
 Warkworth, undaunted, 'midst th'embattel'd host,
 At Waldegrave's side, sustains the dangerous post;
 Rides here and there upon his mettl'd horse,
 And fires the troops to charge with double force;
 While martial music rends Germania's sky,
 And, scarce engag'd, the Gallic legions fly.

O! if propitious heav'n prolong his days,
 What numbers shall record the hero's praise?
 So rich a blossom makes us hope to see
 Profuse the golden honours of the tree.

For me, who softly woo the sacred Nine,
 And kneel, devoted, at Apollo's shrine,
 May I his virtue ever present find
 To rouse each spark of courage in my mind:
 'That if high fate shall call me forth to wield
 The steely weapon in the tented field,
 I may th' applause of my dear country gain,
 Glorious reward of danger, toil, and pain.



EPITAPH on the Rev. Mr JOHN CAMP-
 BELL, Minister at Rickarton.

By the same.

IN quiet peaceful silence here repose
 The bones of one who never could have foes:
 For, in a line his character to draw,
 Nathaniel once again on earth we saw.
 Philosophy, fair daughter of the light,
 And mild Religion, in his soul shone bright.

From bigot zeal, and narrow notions, free,
 Such as did not with him exactly see

He

He would not damn, nor sons of darknefs call,
But had a Christian charity for all.

Yet, of a decent confidence poffest,
Like Tully, hop'd his fyftem was the beft ;
And, with Dan Pope, the idol of his heart,
Refolv'd, at leaft, to act a worthy part.

His native fpot he kept ; aspir'd no higher ;
To learning wedded, to his flock a fire :
A faithful pafter o'er a loving charge,
He gently fail'd through life in a fafe barge ;
And, leaving us his abfence to bemoan,
Without a ftruggle, fought the world unknown.

O ye who read this little tribute, paid
By him whose friend in this plain tomb is laid ;
Whose eyes for ever would o'erflow with grief,
Did not eternity bring kind relief ;
Suspend your vain purfuits, your tranfient joy,
In ferious thought a while yourfelves employ ;
Remember that the minutes quickly fly,
And that the time will come when you muft die.

CURRANT - JELLY.

A P O E M.

By the same.

MInerva, queen of Science and of Art,
 A little knowledge graciously impart.
 Thy kind instruction is my only hope,
 Superior far to metaphor or trope,
 Whose ornamental beauty now would fail,
 When I attempt no slight fantastic tale ;
 No motley syllabub, with frothy head,
 No posset, sacred to the night we wed ;
 No vain whipp'd cream, which foplings ne'er refuse,
 But currant-jelly, fav'rite of the muse.

O more than viand ! more than angels' food !
 O solace sweet ! superlatively good !
 O dear dessert of each poetic elf !
 To E——n grateful, grateful to myself,
 Oft would my eyes forsake the fairest lass,
 To view thee sparkling through the crystal glass :
 Oft have I slighted all the charms of Miss,
 Thy glossy bosom with delight to kiss.
 Phœbus can tell — Phœbus the god of wit,
 That I to decency would scarce submit ;
 But even in company sedate, demure,
 (Which for my spirit one should think a cure),

Long

Long ere the cups were fill'd, I'd eager rise,
 (The love of jelly flaming in my eyes),
 A slice of nicest cut, and spoon, would seize,
 And, with my usual much-becoming ease,
 Would the ambrosia plentifully spread
 In mode genteel upon the wheaten bread.

O what a rapture did my palate feel !
 How didst thou, jelly, delicately steal,
 With pleasing power, through all my thrilling frame,
 And make me vow to consecrate thy name ?

So sung I museful on an afternoon,
 Return'd from the enchanting Miss C—— n ;
 Return'd from mirth and lively repartee,
 From currant-jelly, toasted bread, and tea ;
 When, on a sudden, Pallas rose to view ;
 I think her hat was white, her gown was blue ;
 Perhaps I did mistake, or have forgot ;
 Be this or true or false, it matters not.
 Genius ! (she cry'd), methinks your foolish pray'r
 Seeks to usurp the province of the fair ;
 Of currant-jelly you for knowledge ask,
 I fancy, to perform the maker's task.
 You think, forsooth, I should your mind inspire
 With the great science of a proper fire,
 With the best method berries how to chuse,
 How best to pick 'em, how squeeze out their juice ;
 In what proportion sugar to apply,
 How keep it nor too moist nor over dry.

Such mighty matters seek not to explore,
 Nor strive beyond your destin'd tract to soar.
 If Wisdom's deity you ought revere,
 Her wisest maxim with attention hear.
 Whate'er you can, with freedom's taste enjoy,
 Nor how 'twas made a curious search employ.
 Dances for this oft fight a combat tough;
 If it exists, be that to you enough.
 This sage advice, which, from my heart, I give,
 Do you remember, 'as you now receive.
 Whene'er you can with currant-jelly meet,
 To boil is not your business, but to eat.



B——. A S O N G.

To the Tune of *Old Sir Symon, &c.*

By the same.

B——, of SOAPERS * the king,
 On Tuesdays, at *Tom's* † does appear;
 And when he does talk, or does sing,
 To him ne'er a one can come near.

* Who has not heard of *Every man soap his own beard* —
 the reigning phrase for Every man in his humour? Upon this
 foundation, B—— instituted a jovial society, called the SOAP-
 ING CLUB.

† A celebrated tavern,

For

For he talks with such ease and such grace,
 That all charm'd to attention we sit,
 And he sings with so comic a face,
 That our sides are just ready to split.

B—— is modest enough,
 Himself not quite Phœbus he thinks;
 He never does flourish with snuff,
 And hock is the liquor he drinks.
 And he owns that Ned C——t, the priest,
 May to something of humour pretend,
 And he swears that he is not in jest,
 When he calls this same C——t his friend.

B—— is pleasant and gay,
 For frolic by nature design'd,
 He heedlessly rattles away,
 When the company is to his mind.
 This maxim he says you may see,
 We can never have corn without chaff;
 So not a bent sixpence cares he,
 Whether *with* him or *at* him you laugh.

B—— does women adore,
 And never once means to deceive;
 He's in love with, at least, half a score:
 If they're serious, he smiles in his sleeve.
 He has all the bright fancy of youth,
 With the judgment of forty and five:
 In short, to declare the plain truth,
 There is no better fellow alive.

An EPISTLE from a LONDON BUCK
to his Friend.

By a GENTLEMAN of SCOTLAND.

WHEN last, dear Dick, we jovial met
At * Wildman's sherry choice well fet,
The hearty dog himself was gone,
And you and I were left alone,
Deep in a sentimental mood,
You talk'd, 'fore gad, like any prude.

A trifling odds I grant there was,
Ask Madam Nature for the cause:
'The diff'rence was, as head and tail,
You rail'd at woman, they at male.
I with my hand press'd to my chin,
And (who could help it?) bluish grin,
Star'd in your face like witch of Endor,
And, quite astonish'd, kick'd the fender:
As the glass briskly went about,
Small penetration soon found out,
Why you, whose constant wish and care
Was only how to please the fair,
Who us'd to rave morn, noon, and night,
Of luscious lips, and eyes so bright,

* Mine host of the Bedford-Head.

Profess'd yourself their willing slave,
 Till death should call you to the grave ;—
 Why you should in a throw of dice,
 Become as cold as Lapland ice ;
 With Cynic brow and Stoic soul,
 And mastiff-like, rough, surly growl,
 Should heav'n's most beauteous offspring curse,
 Call them damn'd jades, and names yet worse.

It seems, last winter's sad campaign,
 While on the Dymel crouds were slain ;
 While rag'd the continental wars,
 And many jolly British tars,
 By bullets, or by fell disease,
 Just as harsh Captain Death did please,
 Were torn from jest and chearful tiff,
 And press'd aboard old Charon's skiff ;
 It seems that you one fatal night,
 By Cytherea urg'd to fight
 With an insidious smiling foe,
 —The when and where you surely know ;—
 It seems your vaunted heart of oak,
 By direful wounds, was so much broke,
 That your heroic courage gone,
 —O how unlike to Spanish Don !
 Who at all hazards swore to dance
 The wild-goose chace of gay romance :—
 You kept the house, and never din'd,
 Nor tasted drink, but groan'd and whin'd.

Now

Now Doctor Slop has set you free,
 You talk on quite another key.
 You argue wisely, that indeed
 You only had a proper meed :
 For being tofs'd by Passion's storm,
 Like Eton boy in the fifth form,—
 To ev'ry bunter in the Strand,
 Or ev'n t' adventure with Miss Bland.
 With demonstration's look you say,
 The safe and only prudent way,
 Is pretty lodgings to provide,
 And there a handsome girl to hide,
 With whom you constantly may prove
 The sweets of soft, dear, tender love.

Richard, my friend, I must declare,
 —For all that senatorial air,—
 From your opinion I dissent,
 As Luther from the priests of Trent.

To keep a girl, upon my word,
 Reminds me of the tuneful bird,
 Which Gotham's wiseheads, on a day,
 Contriv'd should in their village stay,
 By lofty hedge, or wall, like deer,
 And so they'd have it all the year.

Why, as you live, it certain is,
 That in this great metropolis,
 These madams, who so glaring flaunt,
 And for no purchas'd pleasure want,

Though

Though their friends boast, in haughty tone,
 Such charms give joy to them alone,
 Are yet possess'd by many more,
 —Iv'e known the quarter of a score,—
 Who oft, about the setting sun,
 Drop in and out like Mr Lun *.

Ensigns and templars, clever lads,
 But check'd by poor or narrow dads,
 Find this a fertile field for sport,
 To which they eagerly resort;
 And on ecstatic Celia's breast,
 Forget the dread of dire arrest.
 Dick, you are young, well-made, and stout,
 Your own great merit do not doubt;
 Let indolent or worn-out blades
 Use snug and circumspective aids;
 But let such Bucks as you and I
 These careful quiet methods fly;
 Let us, while Phœbus shines, make hay,
 And kiss the tits which boobies pay.

'Tis somewhat strange, but yet 'tis true,
 The ladies always hate, like Jew,
 The fool who loads their lap with gold,—
 Because it makes 'em think they're sold;
 And therefore, when their pride does rise,
 They loath the giver of the prize;

* Mr Rich, noted for his agility as a Harlequin.

So that, for mere diversion's sake,
 Some fav'rite youth they fondly take
 To their poor dup'd half-husband's bed,
 And firmly fortify his head.

I a mere novice on the town,
 And but of late a Ranger grown,
 Have, by a moderate address,
 In this way had my own success.

Near to St James's ample square
 Necklace the milliner lives, where
 Fine ladies and fine fellows meet,
 For tea and chit-chat gay and sweet.
 By two three guineas well apply'd
 For trifles, and a tongue beside
 Of an insinuating make,
 Good madam was induc'd to take
 Me 'mongst her very bosom-friends,
 To whom on Fridays cards she sends.
 Here with a blooming lovely lass,
 —Not by the force of gold, but *brass*,—
 I soon struck up a bargain fair,
 Soon were we thought a happy pair.
 She was the mistress much ador'd
 Of the fat brother of a Lord,
 Who by hard coin, by drink and meat,
 In parliament had got a seat.

When her kind keeper went abroad,
 The little frisky wanton toad

Before

Before the glass her neck would wash,
 And nimbly throwing up the fash,
 Call with a voice as music sweet,
 Your humble servant, from the street.

I who this argument have still,—
 —If one won't do't, another will,—
 And having got besides a fancy,
 Like tinder, catch'd the flame from Nancy,
 Then, by old Jacobina's aid,—
 —Who, you may swear, is richly paid,—
 Fairly let in, *sans ceremonie*,
 Up stairs I flew; on the settee
 The wishing nymph reclining found,
 Her waist I threw my arms around,
 Eager to play the lover's part,
 I press'd her warmly to my heart;
 And the plain matter not to mince,
 So sweetly painted was the chintz,
 That I on it her gently laid,
 And all her thousand charms display'd;
 Feasted with these, my ravish'd sight
 Then revel'd in supreme delight!

When Limberham went out of town,
 To his bluff boroughs summon'd down,
 Then for a jaunt! O to be sure,
 My dearest life! it will be pure!

In perfect taste we hir'd a chaise,
 Drawn by four handsome nimble bays;

With two postilions, each well drest
 In buckskin breeches, crimson vest,
 And velvet cap, whose gilded tassell
 Serv'd each admirer's eye to dazzle.

While our young bosoms beat with joy,
 On swiftly-circling wheels we fly,
 Along the well-frequented road,
 To Richmond, Pleasure's dear abode.

The *Star and Garter*, splendid sign!
 Could we do otherwise than dine?
 Ye gods! in that same star and garter,
 My bliss with yours I would not barter.

The clever waiters in a trice
 Had every thing so clean and nice;
 Each dish was good, and finely drest,
 The cyder had a charming zest;
Old hock, the liquor of my soul!
 Superior to nectarean bowl!
 My breast high-glowing did inspire,
 While Cupid fann'd my am'rous fire.

Then, lovely Nancy! then with you,
 My joy transcendent to renew!
 Say, did we not confirm our loves,
 By Venus, with her milk-white doves,
 Ev'n in the sight of Twit'nham's bowers,
 The silver Thames, the trees, the flowers,

By which, at his enchanted seat,
Mellifluous POPE sung forth so sweet !

You see, my friend, that I have found
All you could wish on fairy ground ;
And yet I think the wisest way
Is, what ? to marry when one may.
Look not so Hessian, I beseech you ;
I must for once beg leave to teach you :
Yes, Dick, I swear by potent Mars,
That this is all but giddy farce ;
That is to say, when you compare
It with good wedlock's union fair.
'To run about from Peg to Sue,
Will please while we admire what's new ;
But perfect happiness, I'm certain,
Resides behind calm Hymen's curtain.
A fine description you may have
From one much wiser than your slave,
JOHN MILTON, who so well could draw
The charms of the *mysterious law*.

Come, prithee, Dick, don't seem surpris'd,
Come, honest fellow, be advis'd ;
Go to the girl whom you adore,
And tell her, that you'll jest no more ;
But sink into the easy chair,
While I cry, Happy, happy pair !

Your father is a man of sense,
Aye, Sir, and does not want for pence ;

And, sure as Bob e'er boil'd your kettle,
A cool five-hundred he will settle,—
—To be paid down by steward trusty,
What boots it though he's somewhat crusty?
—That is to say, if you and spouse
Be in plain earnest with your vows,
Nor think of keeping sep'rate beds,
Or breaking one another's heads,
Or such like things, which Riot says,
If he should wed, would be the case.

Upon my word I'll marry too,
When Plutus says, the thing will do :
For he must either bless my bride,
Or for my worthy self provide.
Heav'n grant how soon the time may come,
I'm sure I'd give a cask of rum,
That we were ty'd to help-mates fit,
In filken cordage neatly knit,
And so might solid bliss enjoy,
Pure metal, free from base alloy;
And from contentment's seat look down
On the wild pleasures of the town.

The R A C E.
An HEROIC BALLAD.

Addressed to the Honourable Company of SCOTS
HUNTERS.

By a GENIUS.

I.

YE frolicsome blades, who through life rove along,
Give ear *en passant* to the words of my song,
Which fondly attempts, though 'tis only in story,
To make THE EVENT once again seem before ye.
Derry down, &c.

II.

It chanc'd, then, one day, in EDINA's good city,
A jolly assembly of souls bright and witty,
Were happily met o'er a bottle of claret,
That mighty inflamer of humour and spirit!

III.

A nobleman blest'd with the true Scottish fire,
Was merrily rallying AN OPULENT SQUIRE,
That his body, who knew him, must readily own,
(Emblem of his estate), was indeed—*overgrown.*

IV.

THE SQUIRE, (tho' perhaps he was angry the while),
Rising up, thus reply'd to MY LORD,—*with a smile,*
“Your Lordship to-night is extremely jocose,
Or rather *impertinent*, to speak in plain prose.”

V.

So when in a HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE I've been,
 THE COUNSEL disputing, I've frequently seen,
 With constrain'd complaisance, mix'd with wonderful
 pothor,
 While *Puzzle* took this side, and *Blunder* the other.

VI.

But I stray from my subject ;—for DANIEL went on,
 “ Tho' my weight (*like Jack Falstaff's*) be many a stone,
 Though portly my belly, and cheeks blown up are,
 Yet with me none for vigour and health can compare.

VII.

Besides, MY DEAR LORD, I will venture to say,
 And, what's more, will a *purse of twice ten guineas* lay,
 That, nay laugh not, no time now for jest or for cunning,
 That I'll easily beat your good Lordship *at running*.

VIII.

And that my strength, as well as speed, may be try'd,
 Upon my broad shoulders brisk * WATTIE shall ride ;
 But, to make matters equal, your course must be double,
 As my burthen will probably give me some trouble.

IX.

To-morrow at ten, in the *park*,—if too soon,
 I shall not be against our delaying 'till noon.”
 Young D—gl—s agreed to the terms as propos'd,
 And the ev'ning in social debauchery was clos'd.

* Mr W. S. Advocate,

X.

This astonishing match reach'd the ears of THE TOWN,
Who, next day, to the *park* in great numbers rush'd
down;

Some heartily laughing, some with a sour face,
Declaring that,—really, 'twould be a disgrace.

XI.

For my part, (believe me), I soon did begin to
Remember the MAN who *the bottle jump'd into*;
But Dame CURIOSITY told me 'twas best
That I e'en should be made such a fool as the rest.

XII.

The *Gentlemen Hunters* had mark'd out the ground,
And with the fair ladies, gallanting, were found;
While, eager the *rabble* at distance to keep,
Shins! shins! cries bold R—r—N, and smacks his
smart whip.

XIII.

Nor must I neglect handsome S——N to paint,
Though I'm sure that my colours are vastly too faint;
Yet rather than pass so distinguish'd a man,
I would beg leave to sketch him as well as I can.

XIV.

So fine was his figure, so taking his face,
In so pleasing a taste was his elegant dress,
That SCOTIA's sweet *beauties* (to tell simple truth)
Seem'd fond of admiring the delicate youth.

XV.

XV.

He touch'd with so killing an air his neat hat,
Gently smiling to this, and soft chatting to that,
What maid could resist such profusion of charms?
What maid could but sigh to be press'd in his arms?

XVI.

The jovial TRIUMVIRATE quickly appear'd,
And all by their sev'ral companions were cheer'd.
Poor WATFEE ascending seem'd greatly afraid,
As horribly dreading to be *overlaid*.

XVII.

They started at last; and (so fortune ordain'd)
The vict'ry by the SQUIRE, *hollow* was gain'd;
Who, 'midst a tumult'ous mob's loud'ning huzzas,
Carry'd off all that was to be had — of applause.

XVIII.

Though some nicer judges will strongly aver,
That to run twice the ground was unequal by far;
And that the MAN MOUNTAIN was as sure to have won,
As th' enough-cautious *teague* who contended — *alone*.

XIX.

As I think ev'ry man should excel in his station,
I leave to good MATTHEW * to make calculation,
Who (if I mistake not) will tell to a hair,
What proportion the one to the other should bear.

* Dr Matthew Stewart.

XX.

XX.

My province was flily to lend a sharp ear,
The different *comical* sayings to hear;
Which (like brother BAYES) I shall slapdash set down,
And so, by *transprosing*, shall make 'em my own.

XXI.

A TORY exclaim'd, without any preamble,
" By THE KING, I rejoyce to see S—T ride C——L:"
And *Dick Idle* affirm'd, " As grim death it as sure is,
That nothing's so ponderous as — *corpus juris*.

XXII.

A *wag*, who had gather'd a circle around him,
Whose faces were brimful of joy to have found him,
Remov'd a small way from the din and confusion,
Was dealing about his jokes in great profusion.

XXIII.

To relate ev'ry fingle quirk, quibble, and pun,
Would require, at least, more than a course of the sun;
Take one then, than which I have scarce heard a better,
" This lawyer (he cry'd) is become *commentator*.

XXIV.

For, (said the old fellow, with countenance grave),
As the ENGLISH their COKE upon LYTTLETON have,
So SCOTLAND, a *wife head*, nay *wiser*, has found,
For S—T on S——D shall still be renown'd."

TO GLUTTONY. An ODE.

In Imitation of MIDNIGHT, an ODE *.

By a Member of the SOAPING CLUB.

I.

HAil Gluttony! O let me eat
 Immensely at thy awful board,
 On which to serve the stomach meet
 What art and nature can afford.
 I'll furious cram, devoid of fear,
 Let but the roast and boil'd appear.
 Let me but see a smoaking dish,
 I care not whether fowl or fish:
 Then rush ye floods of ale adown my throat,
 And, in my belly, make the victuals float.

II.

And yet why trust a greasy cook?
 Or give to meat the time of play;
 While ev'ry trout gulps down a hook,
 And poor dumb beasts harsh butchers slay?
 Why seek the dull sauce-smelling gloom
 Of the beef-haunted dining-room;
 Where D——r gives to ev'ry guest,
 With liberal hand, whate'er is best;
 While you, in vain, th' insurance must invoke,
 To give security you shall not choak?

* See vol. 1. of this collection, p. 174.

III.

III.

Ev'n now, upon his elbow-chair,
 A glutton surfeit-struck reclines ;
 See him look round with frightful stare,
 And beg for drink with eager signs !
 His gullet stuff the unchew'd bits,
 He groans, and nods his head by fits ;
 His high-swoln cheeks, that were so red,
 With egg-shell whiteness are o'erspread :
 Ah ! quickly thump his back, lest, for a boast,
 Death, from his liver, rive his bouncing ghost !

IV.

Ev'n now, on venison intent,
 The great John Bull, pleas'd with his fate,
 Gorges until his fides are rent,
 And glows voluptuous o'er his plate.
 He, while he eyes the godlike haunch,
 Rubs his rotundity of paunch ;
 Which, when replete in ev'ry chink,
 His Worship makes sublimely think ;
 Or — an inveterate enemy to chat, —
 Delighted, views a splendid store of fat.

V.

Bread fills the mouths of hungry clowns,
 The blacksmiths clumsy grinders go :
 The kitchens sweat through all the towns,
 The cock now fry'd no more shall crow.

The

The baker tarts and cheese-cakes brings,
 The rusty jack, ear-grating, sings.
 Each footman, with an angry voice,
 Damns the confounded creaking noise.
 The ham, suspended, when the strings are broke,
 Assaults Bob's powder'd pate with dreadful stroke.

VI.

And now perhaps the buxom wife
 Of Vintner Thom consults her spouse,
 How those who play the keenest knife
 She best may feast within her house.
 See fees before her mind's clear glass
 All sorts of fresh provisions pass;
 She makes pots, pans, and spits be scour'd,
 For dressing what shall be devour'd.
 Haste, let me thither hie, with purpose good,
 To swallow monstrous quantities of food.

V E R S E S to the Hon. Lady B— E—
 Sent with a Present of Landscapes.

By G. D. Esq;

W HATE'er Britannia's fertile fields can show,
 Of gardens trim, or woods that wildly grow,
 Whatever objects admiration claim,
 The long canal, the sweetly-winding stream,

The

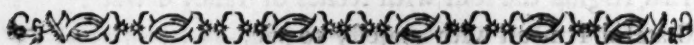
The godless temple, and the distant tower,
 The verdant mountain, and the shady bower,
 The mad cascade loud rumbling o'er the rocks,
 The envy'd shepherd and his bleating flocks,
 With judgment chose these vary'd prints contain,
 Nor thou E—— fair the gift disdain.
 As when great Hay the Danish foes withstood,
 Rallied his friends, the drooping fight renew'd,
 Charg'd with fresh vigour the invading host,
 And drove them vanquish'd from our happy coast :
 Our king, 'tis said, (historians tell his name),
 Hay to reward, to eternise his fame,
 Gave all the lands o'er which a falcon flew ;
 No narrower bounds our monarch's bounty knew.

So oft your converse serious, feeling wise,
 Has bid my sunk, my torpid spirits rise ;
 So oft expell'd the melancholic foe,
 That frights the soul with scenes of fancy'd woe :
 Grateful I mean with majesty to vie,
 And give whate'er the painter's nicer eye
 Has most approv'd of, water, earth, and sky.

VERSES sent to a LADY, tied to the
Foot of a Bee.

By the same.

GO, happy bee, thy pinions try,
But first, thy venom'd sting lay by;
Fly where three sister graces dwell,
And to the fair this message tell.
Say, that a swain, void of address,
Pines with a flame he can't confess,
And pray the maid who made him glow,
One smile complacent to bestow;
Nor drive, with looks stern and severe,
A heart too tender, to despair.
'Then mayst thou safely gain thy home,
And fill with sweets the waxen comb.



The Praise of VANITY.

A SATIRE.

By the same.

"S Till to be vain is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
From this one source our greatest blessings spring;
The beggar vain, is happier than a king.

This

This lends to trifles all their power to please,
 From crowns and mitres, down to rings and lace.
 Thrice happy gift by Nature kindly given,
 To keep the balance of her bounties even.
 Its magic power each mortal must confess,
 Great in proportion as true merit's less.

Critus, a poet, sterile, dry, and poor,
 Who scarce can tag one couplet in an hour;
 Whom want and hunger hardly prompt to write,
 Who eats to-morrow, if he writes to-night;
 To him, bless'd nymph, thou lend'st thy powerful aid,
 With fancy'd merit fill'st his empty head,
 While soft thou whisper'st in our poet's ear,
 "There Homer's spirit! Virgil's sweetness here!
 "Thy style correct, bold and sublime thy thought.
 "To what a pitch may poetry be brought!
 "That fame, be sure, posterity will give,
 "With-held by envy while you poets live."

Behold Nigrina, on whose haggard brow,
 Deep are impress'd the marks of forty-two;
 Whose body twisted fifty different ways,
 Baffles all power of stuffing, steel, and stays;
 The dentist's skill Nigrina oft has try'd,
 With pain and trouble see her teeth supply'd;
 In vain she tries with carmine to restore
 Her former roses, blooming now no more;
 While from her mouth the pestilential breath
 Infects the room, nay fills the air with death:

Without thy aid, Nigrina long had been
 A prey to envy, malice, and chagrin :
 Upheld, O goddess, by thy pow'rful arm,
 She hopes to conquer still, and still to charm ;
 With fancy'd grace she treads the mazy dance,
 With fancy'd art she darts the am'rous glance.

While some extol bright gold's attractive charms,
 Some wish for peace, and others sigh for arms ;
 While some in hortes place their sole delight,
 In social converse some to pass the night ;
 This loves to shine an empty sparkling beau,
 That far from splendor flees, and idle shew ;
 'This boasts his power of eloquence divine,
 And that his skill to form the lofty rhyme :
 Give me for ever Van'ty to possess ;
 No gold I ask, no friend, no sparkling glass ;
 My soul, content, shall never more require
 The courtier's splendor, or the poet's fire.



EPIGRAM.

By the same.

AS Damon near his Celia stood,
 And all her heavenly charms review'd,
 With wonder on each beauty gaz'd,
 Admir'd her wit, her singing prais'd ;

Careless

Careless her hand hung o'er her chair,
 So soft, so taper, and so fair,
 That he, with eager love possess'd,
 A tender kiss thereon impress'd.
 Celia indignant turn'd her head,
 And thus, in tears, and anger, said,
 Begone, base wretch, ne'er more appear;
 Kiss Celia's hand! — her mouth so near.



A Farewell to FANTASTIC LOVE, and
 a young Coquette, the object of it.

By Mr J. R——N.

DELIA, farewell:—enough; my folly's past;
 The vision's fled; I've broke the charm at last;
 Tir'd with thy freaks, the hopeless chace give o'er:
 And had I caught the game, what could I more?—
 Like sportsmen, lovers hunt the beauteous prey,
 Through ev'ry secret, subtle, winding way.—
 The prey escapes.—What then?—Fatigu'd, they yield
 The prize, pleas'd with the chace, and quit the field.—
 Is the game caught?—a little while they view
 The panting thing;—the sport is o'er;—adieu.—
 Sated alike:—Here all the diff'rence lies;
 Tir'd of the chace,—or weary'd of the prize.

Thus fares the love which Fancy's bosom fires,
 A short-liv'd flame, that blazes, and expires;

An airy form, which at a distance charms,
 But shuns th' embrace, or mocks our empty arms.
 Friendship alone the sacred charm imparts
 That fixes beauty's empire o'er our hearts ;
 Friendship alone can love's sweet joys secure,
 And to the genial add the social hour,
 Refine each passion, harmonize the whole,
 And touch the string that thrills from soul to soul.



A SOLEMN ODE.

Addressed to Miss ——— at E——.

By the same.

DELIA, thou dear coquette, attend,
 And once to truth incline thine ear,
 One moment listen to a friend,
 A friend that dares to be sincere.

While ogling, sporting, flutt'ring, shining,
 Amid the bowing tribe, you roam,
 Unbounded conquests still designing,
 Still planning worlds of joy to come ;

While you, the charm of ev'ry eye,
 The lovely theme of ev'ry tongue,
 Inspire around the tender sigh,
 Or wake sweet Flatt'ry's firen-song ;

While

While fops with lavish raptures court thee,
And ev'ry blooming charm adore ;
Think, Delia, think what shall comfort thee,
When these bright charms shall bloom no more ;

When all thy lilies shall decline,
And all thy roses cease to glow ;
When ev'n these eyes shall cease to shine,
And wrinkles mark that polish'd brow.

Laugh not, thou pretty, trifling creature :
Like thee once poor Lucinda shone,
With snowy face and glowing feature ;
Lo, in her fate beware thy own.

Lucinda shone at balls and plays,
Lucinda only sought to shine,
On all alike diffus'd her rays ;
(Just, Delia, like these eyes of thine)..

Now see those bloomy beauties fading,
At the rough wintry blast of age ;
Behold the hoary tempest spreading,
On ev'ry flow'r exhausts its rage.

Lost is that grace, that air so sprightly,
Which once could wake the tender flame ;
Those eyes that shone, erewhile, so brightly,
Now cast a trembling clouded beam,

Where

Where now, ah ! where, that courtly train,
 Lucinda's sighing slaves before ?
 Now, in her turn, she sighs in vain,
 Flatter'd, admir'd, and lov'd no more.

Not one, the conquest of her charms,
 To cheer the lonely hour remains,
 To cherish Age, in Friendship's arms,
 To share her pleasures, and her pains ;

With more than guardian angel's care,
 To raise her drooping sick'ning frame,
 Now pour to heav'n the tender pray'r,
 Now whisper each endearing name ;

And when the parting hour draws nigh,
 To lay her head upon his breast,
 To close, with trembling hand, her eye,
 And sooth her dying soul to rest.

Old age, my Delia, comes apace :
 Scorn the wild ardours fops pretend ;
 Believe me, woman's truest praise,
 Is to secure a cordial friend.

Then, while improving ev'ry feature
 With all the various toils of art,
 O learn the graces of good-nature,
 Improve the virtues of the heart.

Believe

Believe me, Folly soon destroys
The magic charm of Beauty's eyes ;
Soon droop the unsupported joys,
And soon the fair enchantment flies.

Good sense alone, and Virtue's charms,
Can fix the heart which Beauty fires,
And Friendship still the bosom warms,
When Love's short fleeting blaze expires :

True elegance, and taste refin'd,
The temper steady, mild, serene,
The feeling soul, th' enlighten'd mind,
Preserve entire the happy scene.

Endow'd with these, old Age defy,
And to some friendly bosom fly ;
Happy, one worthy breast to fire,
And on that bosom to expire.



The BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

In imitation of the celebrated Soliloquy of Hamlet.

By the same.

TO wed, or not to wed—that is the question :
Whether 'tis better still to rove at large

From

From fair to fair, amid the wilds of passion;
 Or plunge at once into a sea of marriage,
 And quench our fires? — To marry, — take a wife,
 No more, — and by a wife to say we quell
 Those restless ardours, all those nat'ral tumults
 That flesh is heir to; — 'tis a consolation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. — Marry, — a wife,
 A wife, — perchance a devil: — ay, there's the rub;
 For 'mongst that angel sex what dev'ls are found,
 When they have shuffled off the virgin-mask,
 Must give us pause. — There's the respect
 That keeps a prudent man so long a bachelor.
 For who would bear the taunts of longing maids,
 The harlot's impudence, the prude's disdain,
 The pangs of love despis'd, coquette's delay,
 The insolence of beauty, and the spurns
 Which merit bears, when fools become their fav'rites,
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With one kind woman? — Say, what youth could bear
 To wish, and sigh alone the weary night,
 Or dangle after belles, coquettes, and wenches,
 But that the dread of something after honey-moon,
 (That gaily-fleeting period, whose sweet joys
 Few loves, alas! survive), puzzles the will,
 And bids us rather linger in the path,
 The well-known, simple path of single life,
 Than tempt the dark perplexed ways of wedlock?
 Thus forethought does make bach'lors of us all:
 And hence the face of many a willing maid
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of languishment;

And

And many a youth of no small pith and moment,
With this regard, spends all his days in whoring,
And damns the name of husband.

ODE on a Candle-end sunk in the socket
and just expiring.

Addressed to a certain old-young Lady.

By the same.

Pretty, little, glimm'ring thing,
Hov'ring o'er the brink of fate;
All its timid soul on wing,
Trembling in a middle state;

Wrapt around in livid flame,
Darting forth a feeble ray;
Now it bends its sickly frame,
And anon dissolves away:

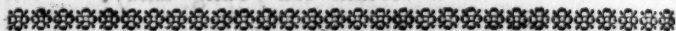
Still it wakes the flutt'ring strife,
Fain would rouse its dying fires,
Fain prolong the shine of life,
And in vain attempts expires.

Chloe thus, who lately shone
Idol of the fopling race,
All her youth and beauty gone,
Still would dazzle, charm, and blaze.

Still

Still she trips the frolic scene,
 Warbles still the girlish chat,
 Still affects the vary'd mien,
 Ogling, smiling, and — all that.

Chloe, these vain efforts cease ;
 Ogle, smile, and blink no more ;
 Quit the frolic stage in peace,
 Since the play of youth is o'er.



TO SYLVIA.

YOU bid me write, and fain would I
 Consent, were but the subject nam'd :
 To praise your goodness I must lie,
 And you would scold to be defam'd :

To call you fairest of your sex,
 And see as handsome ev'ry day,
 Instead of pleasing you, must vex : —
 You would not mind a word I say.

For though an angel in my eyes,
 I take your judgment to be better,
 Than all your equals to despise,
 On the bare credit of a letter.

No — spite of all you sily hint,
 Of poet's art, and flights of youth ;
 Whate'er for int'rest I may print,
 In private rhyme I write the truth.

Then

Then teach me safely to proceed :
 My verse depends upon your act :
 You need but do one generous deed,
 And I shall soon applaud the fact.

To let me live, from year to year,
 Complaining, fighting, cringing, kneeling,
 'Tis plain you strive to be severe,
 Or think a lover has no feeling.

I own, you sometimes can be seen,
 And grant a kiss one day in ten :
 But what this hanging on must mean,
 Sure women know as well as men.

That ancient siege which Homer sings,
 All but your heroes had forsaken :
 Ten tedious years for sixty kings
 Was long ; but Troy at last was taken.

Compare that siege, my dear, with mine.—
 Ten years the sturdy Greeks could hold :
 I—let me see—'tis more than nine ;
 And heroes are not—as of old.

Woman or town whoever seeks,
 Much shorter ways they now proceed in ;
 They seldom wait so many weeks,—
 Read Marlborough's life, or Charles of Sweden!

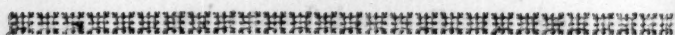
Those few remaining months deduct,
 On better terms you may surrender ;

Our pleasure nothing can obstruct,
While I am young, and you are tender.

But feeble age and wrinkles soon
Shall youth and tendernefs displace :
At thirty life approaches noon,
And things go downward thence apace.

Haste ! now the willing parley beat,
Ere all our stores are quite exhausted ;
Left on the verge of death we treat,
Bereav'd, bewinter'd, and befrosted.

Then you shall mourn the song neglected,
Which told you time was onward creeping ;
And I, the mighty prize expected,
Dwindled to one not worth the keeping !



The Duke of ARGYLL's Levee.

Spoken by Col. CHARTERIS, and writ by the
late Lord BINNING,

— *Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.* VIRG.

With other Scots the other day
I waited on ARGYLL,
'Than whom no better patriot breathes
Within our British isle.

Sing,

Sing, Muse, who never sung before,
How well we were receiv'd;
And what he said, and eke also
How nobly we behav'd.

Long time we had not held chit-chat
Before his Grace appear'd;
And with his ever-pleasing air
Our hearts and faces chear'd.

He beck'n'd us up, all one by one,
And spoke to each so pat,
That all well-pleas'd his levee left,
But I, who finell'd a rat.

Then to A——r * in the van
Advancing, were his words,
“Nor ours, nor any foreign land,
A hawk like yours affords.

So Richmond's Duke, of hawks the judge,
Assur'd me t'other day.”
Philip bow'd low, and thank'd his Grace,
And went well-pleas'd away.

To Colonel S——r †: “T'other day,
I was well-pleas'd to see,
The British coffeeshouse so chang'd
From what it us'd to be.

* Col. Anstruther.

† Col. Sinclair.

Your Sarah charms, it grows polite,
As G—d my soul shall save.”

With low obeisance, hearty thanks
The grateful Colonel gave.

The Advocate *, with rev'rence great,
Advancing was to speak;
But, like the rest, he was struck dumb,
With cheek apply'd to cheek.

“ The lawyers in our house declare,
That no man speaks like you;
Your rhet'ric charms.” Then Duncan bow'd,
And own'd his Grace spoke true.

Then Colonels Jack and Peter † drew
Together near his Grace :

“ Peter ! thou hast a martial soul,
And, Jack, a handsome face ;

Were you two blended both in one,
L—d ! how you'd look and fight !”
Then Peter bow'd, wheel'd to the left,
And Jack unto the right.

Then to Culloden ‡, said the Duke,
“ Now tell me, John, sincere,
Whether eight bottles 'tis, or ten,
You drink to your own share ?”

* Duncan Forbes, Esq; † Colonels John and Peter Campbells.

‡ John Forbes of Culloden, Esq;

Culloden bow'd, and thank'd his Grace,
For such a kindly word;
And vow'd to G—d his Grace spake like
An angel of the L—d.

Then forward Brodie * made a step,
In whose attentive ear
His Grace was pleas'd to whisper, but
So loud as we could hear :

“ The ladies in the town declare,
That no man kifs'd so well.”
The Laird laugh'd much, and thank'd his Grace;
But said, “ They should not tell.”

Then Colonel M——n † advanc'd,
A necessary man;
Who well might, if the muse had pleas'd,
Been welcom'd to the van :

“ My friend, I hope your Lady's well.”
“ She's well to serve your Grace.”
Both smil'd, and bow'd, and smil'd again,
In one another's face.

Six times had Harry ‡ bow'd unseen,
Before he durst advance :
The Duke then turning round, well-pleas'd,
Said, “ Sure you've been in France ;

* Alexander Brodie, Esq; Lord Lion. † Col. Middleton.

‡ H. Cuninghame of Boquhan, Esq;

A more polite and jaunty mien
I never saw before."

Then Harry bow'd, and blush'd, and bow'd,
And strutted to the door.

To honest John *, who made a leg :

" Ah, honest Skip," said he.

And Skip was well content with that.

His Grace then turn'd to me † :

" Ah! Charteris !" — " Bl—d and w—ds, my Lord,"

I answer'd: and his Grace

Was going to reply ; when lo !

Great Daniel † show'd his face.

At sight of him low bow'd the Peer,

And Daniel deign'd a nod :

" I saw Sir Robert, and 'tis done ;"—

" —You've kept me in, by G—d."

At sight of this I limp'd away,

Inform'd where to apply ;

Begging my countrymen may take

The hint as well as I.

* John Campbell of Skipnish, Esq; † Col. Charteris,

‡ Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, Esq;

ALBIN and the DAUGHTER of MEY.

An old tale, translated from the Irish.

By the late Mr JEROM STONE.

WHence come these dismal sounds that fill our ears!
Why do the groves such lamentations send!

Why sit the virgins on the hill of tears,

While heavy sighs their tender bosoms rend!

They weep for ALBIN with the flowing hair,

Who perish'd by the cruelty of *Mey*;

A blameless hero, blooming, young, and fair;

Because he scorn'd her passion to obey.

See on yon western hill the heap of stones,

Which mourning friends have raised o'er his bones!

O woman! bloody, bloody was thy deed;

The blackness of thy crime exceeds belief;

The story makes each heart but thine to bleed,

And fills both men and maids with keenest grief!

Behold thy daughter, beauteous as the sky,

When early morn transcends yon eastern hills,

She lov'd the youth who by thy guile did die,

And now our ears with lamentations fills:

'Tis she, who sad, and grov'ling on the ground,

Weeps o'er his grave, and makes the woods resound.

A thousand graces did the maid adorn:

Her looks were charming and her heart was kind;

Her

Her eyes were like the windows of the morn,
And Wisdom's habitation was her mind.
A hundred heroes try'd her love to gain;
She pity'd them, yet did their suits deny:
Young ALBIN only courted not in vain,
ALBIN alone was lovely in her eye:
Love fill'd their bosoms with a mutual flame;
Their birth was equal, and their age the same.

Her mother *Mey*, a woman void of truth,
In practice of deceit and guile grown old,
Conceiv'd a guilty passion for the youth,
And in his ear the shameful story told:
But o'er his mind she never could prevail;
For in his life no wickedness was found;
With shame and rage he heard the horrid tale,
And shook with indignation at the sound:
He fled to shun her; while with burning wrath
The monster, in revenge, decreed his death.

Amidst Lochmey, at distance from the shore,
On a green island, grew a stately tree,
With precious fruit each season cover'd o'er,
Delightful to the taste, and fair to see:
This fruit, more sweet than virgin honey found,
Serv'd both alike for physic and for food;
It cur'd diseases, heal'd the bleeding wound,
And hunger's rage for three long days withstood.
But precious things are purchas'd still with pain,
And thousands try'd to pluck it, but in vain.

For at the root of this delightful tree,
 A venomous and awful dragon lay,
 With watchful eyes, all horrible to see,
 Who drove th' affrighted passengers away.
 Worse than the viper's sting its teeth did wound,
 The wretch who felt it soon behov'd to die ;
 Nor could physician ever yet be found
 Who might a certain antidote apply :
 Ev'n they whose skill had sav'd a mighty host,
 Against its bite no remedy could boast.

Revengeful *Mey*, her fury to appease,
 And him destroy who durst her passion slight,
 Feign'd to be stricken with a dire disease,
 And call'd the hapless ALBIN to her fight :
 " Arise, young hero ! skill'd in feats of war,
 On yonder lake your dauntless courage prove ;
 To pull me of the fruit, now bravely dare,
 And save the mother of the maid you love.
 I die without its influence divine ;
 Nor will I taste it from a hand but thine."

With downcast look the lovely youth reply'd,
 " Though yet my feats of valour have been few,
 My might in this adventure shall be try'd ;
 I go to pull the healing fruit for you."
 With stately steps approaching to the deep,
 The hardy hero swims the liquid tide ;
 With joy he finds the dragon fast asleep,
 Then pulls the fruit, and comes in safety back ;

Then

Then with a chearful countenance, and gay,
He gives the present to the hands of *Mey*.

“ Well have you done, to bring me of this fruit ;
But greater signs of prowess must you give :
Go pull the tree entirely by the root,
And bring it hither, or I cease to live.”
Though hard the task, like lightning fast he flew,
And nimbly glided o’er the yielding tide ;
Then to the tree with manly steps he drew,
And pull’d, and tugg’d it hard, from side to side :
Its bursting roots his strength could not withstand ;
He tears it up, and bears it in his hand.

But long, alas ! ere he could reach the shore,
Or fix his footsteps on the solid sand,
The monster follow’d with a hideous roar,
And like a fury grasp’d him by the hand.
Then, gracious God ! what dreadful struggling rose !
He grasps the dragon by th’ invenom’d jaws,
In vain : for round the bloody current flows,
While its fierce teeth his tender body gnaws.
He groans through anguish of the grievous wound,
And cries for help ; but, ah ! no help was found !

At length the maid, now wond’ring at his stay,
And rack’d with dread of some impending ill,
Swift to the lake, to meet him, bends her way ;
And there beheld what might a virgin kill !
She saw her lover struggling on the flood,
The dreadful monster gnawing at his side ;

She

She saw young ALBIN fainting, while his blood
 With purple tincture dy'd the liquid tide!
 Though pale with fear, she plunges in the wave,
 And to the hero's hand a dagger gave!

Alas! too late; yet gath'ring all his force,
 He drags, at last, his hissing foe to land.
 Yet there the battle still grew worse and worse,
 And long the conflict lasted on the strand.
 At length he happily descry'd a part,
 Just where the scaly neck and breast did meet;
 Through this he drove a well-directed dart,
 And laid the monster breathless at his feet.
 The lovers shouted when they saw him dead,
 While from his trunk they cut the bleeding head.

But soon the venom of his mortal bite
 Within the hero's bosom spreads like flame;
 His face grew pale, his strength forsook him quite,
 And o'er his trembling limbs a numbness came.
 Then fainting on the slimy shore he fell,
 And utter'd, with a heavy, dying groan,
 These tender words, "My lovely maid, farewell!
 Remember ALBIN; for his life is gone!"
 These sounds, like thunder, all her sense oppress'd,
 And swooning down she fell upon his breast.

At last, the maid awak'ning as from sleep,
 Felt all her soul o'erwhelm'd in deep despair,
 Her eyes star'd wild, she rav'd, she could not weep,
 She beat her bosom, and she tore her hair!

She

She look'd now on the ground, now on the skies,
 Now gaz'd around, like one imploring aid :
 But none was near in pity to her cries,
 No comfort came to sooth the hapless maid !
 Then grasping in her palm, that shone like snow,
 The youth's dead hand, she thus express'd her wo.

Burst, burst, my heart ! the lovely youth is dead,
 Who, like the dawn, was wont to bring me joy ;
 Now birds of prey will hover round his head,
 And wild beasts seek his carcase to destroy ;
 While I who lov'd him, and was lov'd again,
 With sighs and lamentable strains must tell,
 How by no hero's valour he was slain,
 But struggling with a beast inglorious fell !
 This makes my tears with double anguish flow,
 This adds affliction to my bitter wo !

Yet fame and dauntless valour he could boast ;
 With matchless strength his manly limbs were bound ;
 That force would have dismay'd a mighty host,
 He show'd, before the dragon could him wound.
 His curling locks, that wanton'd in the breeze,
 Were blacker than the raven's ebon wing ;
 His teeth were whiter than the fragrant trees,
 When blossoms clothe them in the days of spring ;
 A brighter red his glowing cheeks did stain,
 Than blood of tender heifer newly slain.

A purer azure sparkled in his eye,
 Than that of icy shoal in mountain found ;
 Whene'er

Whene'er he spoke, his voice was melody,
 And sweeter far than instrumental sound.
 O he was lovely ! fair as purest snow,
 Whose wreaths the tops of highest mountains crown ;
 His lips were radiant as the heav'nly bow ;
 His skin was softer than the softest down ;
 More sweet his breath than fragrant bloom, or rose,
 Or gale that cross a flow'ry garden blows.

But when in battle with our foes he join'd,
 And fought the hottest dangers of the fight,
 The stoutest chiefs stood wond'ring far behind,
 And none durst try to rival him in might !
 His ample shield then seem'd a gate of brass,
 His awful sword did like the lightning shine !
 No force of steel could through his armour pass,
 His spear was like a mast, or mountain-pine !
 Ev'n kings and heroes trembled at his name,
 And conquest smil'd where-e'er the warrior came !

Great was the strength of his unconquer'd hand,
 Great was his swiftness in the rapid race ;
 None could the valour of his arm withstand,
 None could outstrip him in the days of chace.
 Yet he was tender, merciful, and kind ;
 His vanquish'd foes his clemency confess'd ;
 No cruel purpose labour'd in his mind,
 No thought of envy harbour'd in his breast.
 He was all gracious, bounteous, and benign,
 And in his soul superior to a king !

But now he's gone! and nought remains but wo

For wretched me; with him my joys are fled,
Around his tomb my tears shall ever flow,

The rock my dwelling, and the clay my bed!

Ye maids, and matrons, from your hills descend,

To join my moan, and answer tear for tear;

With me the hero to his grave attend,

And sing the songs of mourning round his bier.

Through his own grove his praise we will proclaim,

And bid the place for ever bear his name.



To the Memory of an OFFICER killed
before Quebec.

By Mr JAMES MACPHERSON.

AH me! what sorrows are we born to bear!
How many causes claim the falling tear!

In one sad tenor life's dark current flows,

And ev'ry moment has its load of woes:

In vain we toil for visionary ease,

Or hope for blessings in the vale of peace:

Coy happiness ne'er blesses human eyes;

Or but appears a moment, and she flies.

When peace itself can seldom dry the tear,
What floods demand the dreary wastes of war!

Where

Where undistinguish'd ruin reigns o'er all,
 At once the truant and the valiant fall;
 Where timeless shrouds inwrap the great and brave,
 And DAPHNIS sinks into a nameless grave.

Dear hapless youth! cut off in early bloom,
 A fair, but mangled victim for the tomb.
 No friendly hand to grace thy fall was near,
 No parent's eye to shed one pious tear;
 No favour'd maid to close thy languid eyes,
 And send thee mindful of her to the skies:
 On some cold bank thy decent limbs were laid;
 Oh! honour'd living, but neglected dead!

So soon forsake us, dear lamented shade,
 To mix obscurely with the nameless dead!
 Thus baulk the rising glory of thy name,
 And leave unfinish'd an increasing fame!
 Thus sink for ever from a parent's eyes!
 Wert thou not cruel? or ye partial, skies?

But what can bound, O thou by all approv'd!
 The sad, sad sorrows of the friend you lov'd!
 A friend who doted on thy worth before!
 A friend who never shall behold thee more!
 Who saw combin'd thy manly graces rise,
 To please the mind, and bless the ravish'd eyes;
 A soul replete with all that's great and fair,
 A form which cruel savages might spare.

If, in the midnight-hour, lamented shade,
 You view the place where thy remains are laid;
 If pale you hover o'er your secret grave,
 Or, viewless, flit o'er *Hesbelega's* * wave;
 O when my troubled soul is sunk in rest,
 And peaceful slumbers sooth my anxious breast,
 To Fancy's eyes in all thy bloom appear,
 Once more thy own unfully'd image wear;
 Unfold the secrets of your world to me,
 Tell what thou art, and what I soon shall be.

He comes! he comes! but, oh! how chang'd of late!
 How much deforms the leaden hand of fate!
 Why do I see that gen'rous bosom gor'd?
 Why bath'd in blood the visionary sword?
 What rudeness ruffled that disorder'd hair?
 Why, blameless shade, that mournful aspect wear?
 For, sure, such virtues must rewarded be,
 And Heaven itself approve of WOLFE and thee.
 Yes!—thou art blest'd above the rolling sphere;
 'Tis for myself, not thee, I shed the tear.
 Where shall I now such blameless friendship find,
 Thou last, best comfort of a drooping mind?
 To whom the pressures of my soul impart,
 Transfer my sorrows, and divide my heart?
 Remote is he who rul'd my breast before;
 And he shall sooth me into peace no more.

Men born to grief, an unrelenting kind,
 Of breasts discordant, and of various mind,

* The river St Laurence.

Scarce 'midst of thousands find a single friend,
 If Heav'n, at length, the precious blessing send,
 A sudden death recalls him from below ;
 A moment's bliss is paid with years of wo.

What boots the rising sigh ? in vain we weep,
 We too, like him, anon must fall asleep ;
 Life, and its sorrows too, shall soon be o'er,
 And the heart heave with bursting sighs no more ;
 Death shed oblivious rest on ev'ry head,
 And one dull silence reign o'er all the dead.



On passing through the PARLIAMENT-CLOSE
 of EDINBURGH at midnight.

SO now, the doors are shut, the busy hand
 Of Industry suspends her toil a while,
 And solemn Silence reigns : the men of law
 Throng not the passage to the august court ;
 Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curse
 Their cause's long delay : the labourer
 Lies wrapt in sleep, his brawny nerves unbrac'd,
 Gath'ring new vigour for to-morrow's toil.
 Now o'er their cups immoderate, the rout
 Of Bacchanalians, with impetuous laugh,
 Applaud the witlefs, but invenom'd jest.
 At yon dim taper, poring on his bonds,
 Or ledger, crooked Av'rice keenly sits ;

Or sleepless on his tawdry bed, fums up
 His rents and int'rests. O thrice dire disease !
 Oh doleful madness ! Wherefore all this care,
 This sinful care, that from the mind excludes
 All thought of duty toward God or man !
 An heir debauch'd, who wishes nothing more
 Than the old dotard dead, will throw it all
 On whores and dogs away ; then, cursing life,
 That nothing gives but scoundrel Poverty,
 By his own hand a mangled carcase falls.
 Now smoking with unhallow'd fires, the sons
 Of curs'd Gomorrha stroll along the streets,
 Scenting the prostitutes : perhaps the son
 Of some well-meaning country-man, entic'd
 By lewd companions, midnight-orgies holds,
 Kennels with some abominable wretch,
 Contracting foul disease, one day to smart
 His pious parents souls with bitter grief,
 And o'er their rev'rend hoary cheeks to pour
 The sad parental tear. —————

Behold how grand the lady of the night,
 The silver moon, with majesty divine,
 Emerges from behind yon sable cloud ;
 Around her all the spacious heavens glow
 With living fires. In the pale air sublime,
 St Giles's column rears its ancient head,
 Whose builders many a century ago
 Were moulder'd into dust. Now, O my soul,
 Be fill'd with sacred awe——I tread above

Our brave forgotten ancestors. Here * lie
 Those who in ancient days the kingdom rul'd,
 The counsellors and favourites of kings,
 High lords and courtly dames, the valiant chiefs,
 Whose manly harness'd breasts and mighty arms
 Stood as the brazen bulwarks of the land,
 Mingling their dust with those of lowest rank,
 And basest deeds, and now unknown as they.—
 Hark! 'twas the clock struck one,—the solemn sound
 Yet vibrates in my ear: Such is the life,
 The transient life of man: a while he breathes,
 Then in a little with his mother earth
 Lies mix'd, and known no more; even his own race
 Forget his name. And if his name remains,
 What is it but an empty, airy sound?
 Cæsar, and Ammon's son, high-sounding air,
 Founders of states, their country's saviours, lie
 In dark oblivion; others only live
 In fables wild and vague: yea, this same age,
 That saw the wave of Marlboro's sword decide
 The fate of Europe, and her trembling kings,
 Relate his actions past as an old tale,
 Without concern: and soon the days shall come,
 When Prussian peasants shall strange stories tell
 Of Fred'ric and his brothers; such as oft
 The British labourer, by winter's fire,
 Tells to his wond'ring children, of the feats
 Of Arthur and his knights: a few years more
 Shall see great Fred'ric and his glorious bands,

* This was once a burial-place.

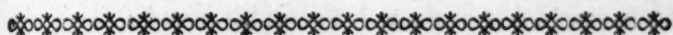
And

And all the millions of his raging foes,
All silent dust, and lodging with the hosts
(Down in the dreary mansions of the dead)
That fought at Cannæ or Thermopylæ,
And those of later name that stood beneath
The banners of Godfredo or Gustave.

Say, ye immortal sons of heav'n, who rule
This nether world, who from old Nimrod's days
Down to the present, have beheld the fate
Of emperors and kings; say, which the life
That the immortal shade will like to own?
Does Cæsar boast of his eternal name,
How, wading through the blood of millions, he
Inslav'd his country? No: he droops his head,
And imprecates Oblivion to o'ershade
The horrid tale. Not so poor Socrates:
With everlasting smiles he humbly owns
The life that was a blessing to mankind.
The heroes whose unconquerable souls
Would from their country's int'rest never flinch,
Look down with sweet complacence on th' realms
Their valour sav'd. O WALLACE, wondrous chief!
Who durst alone thy country's rights assert,
Betray'd and sworn away by all but thee;
And thou great BRUCE, who many a doleful day,
For thy enslav'd and groaning country's sake,
Stray'd o'er the solitary hills of Lorn;
With what ecstatic raptures do you see
A nation to this day blest'd by your arms!

Such

Such shall thy happiness, O FRED'RIC, be,
 Thou glorious pattern of a perfect king ;
 And such the recompensing heaven of those,
 The happy few, in blest'd obscurity
 Who pass their days ; whom Gabriel pointing out,
 When in his silent rounds, unto his mates
 Will say, " There is the man who at all times
 Acts as becometh an immortal spirit."
 Such is the life that's worthy of a man,
 And such the life that God himself applauds.



The Fate of CÆSAR.

By the author of DOUGLAS.

AS penfive on my bed-I lay,
 And mus'd the midnight hours away ;
 My bosom glowing with those fires
 Which Shakespear's magic page inspires ;
 The moon, whose waning, scanty light,
 Gave dubious objects to the sight,
 Beneath a cloud retir'd her ray,
 And wrapt in gloom the chamber lay ;
 Winds wav'd along the lengthen'd wall,
 The cricket shriek'd his thrilling call ;
 The dead-watch click'd the sick man's knell,
 And dogs sent forth their boding yell ;
 Quick beat my pulse, my soul was tun'd
 To sympathize with ev'ry sound :

When

When from the room's most darksome side,
I saw a pompous image glide ;
Loose from him flow'd the Roman gown,
His brows invested with a crown ;
His red right arm a sceptre bore,
And regal pride his aspect wore.
But when his steps approach'd more near,
I mark'd his features dash'd with fear :
I saw, beneath his purple robe,
His breast with bitter anguish throb.
His cruel eye around he cast,
Then rais'd his arm, and struck his breast ;
With aspect strange his robe he tore,
And dash'd his sceptre on the floor.
Intent I gazed to descry,
If ought substantial took his eye.
With deep amaze I then beheld
The air around with figures fill'd :
Conspicuous far above the rest,
The form of VIRTUE stood confest ;
And, hand in hand with her, a fair
Of haughtier mien, and fiercer air,
Whose eyes flash'd with indignant flame ;
'Twas LIBERTY, the peerless dame.
From their regard the tyrant turn'd,
And with convulsive anguish burn'd ;
While FREEDOM, with resentment red,
Menac'd revenge upon his head,
And gaily lifting up her hand,
She pointed to a distant band.

My eager eye her arm pursu'd,
 And soon the awful presence view'd.
 In close divan the heroes stood ;
 Stern, yet untroubled was their mood :
 On each considerate visage sat,
 Resolve, that conquers chance or fate :
 Yet one there seem'd the chief of all,
 Pale was his cheek, his stature tall ;
 'Midst storms and tempests fit to reign,
 His port was honour and disdain ;
 Frowning, he bent his black eyebrow,
 And prying look'd the tyrant thro' :
 Near him a hero more humane,
 Of sober air, and gentle strain,
 With pitying look great CÆSAR ey'd,
 And at his own firm purpose figh'd.
 Then from their swords a gleam of light
 I saw, and trembled at the sight :
 The victim fell, the tyrant dy'd,
 And *Freedom ! Freedom !* loud was cry'd.
 Impatient there I join'd the scream,
 And, starting, found 'twas all a dream.

The

The SHEPHERD'S LIFE preferred.

Imitated from the Greek of Moschus.

WHEN western breezes fan the shore,
And gently swell the azure wave ;
I yield unto the soft'ning pow'r :
(The muse's transports then would grieve).

When loud the thick'ning tempests fly,
Enrage, and dash the foaming floods ;
From the rude scene I trembling hie,
And plunge into the safer woods.

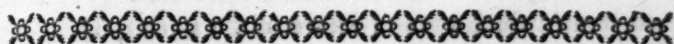
Nor sea, nor deaf'ning din, is there,
The stormy fury straight does please ;
I hear it sounding from afar ;
It sings or murmurs through the trees.

A fisherman I would not live,
Who labours in the pathless deep ;
Whose cruel art is to deceive,
Whose dwelling is a brittle ship.

Let me my bleating ewes attend,
(Harmless myself, and blest'd, as they) ;
With them my morning-steps I'll bend,
With them I'll wait the closing day.

Now,

Now, underneath a plane-tree laid,
Or careless by a lulling stream,
Let me enjoy the cooling shade,
Or sweetly sink into a dream.



Description of a MAY MORNING.

Translated from GAWIN DOUGLAS Bishop of
Dunkeld. Prefixed to his translation of VIRGIL.

By the late Mr JEROM STONE.

AURORA, joyful harbinger of day,
Now from the skies had chas'd the stars away;
The moon was sunk beneath the western streams,
And Venus' orb was shorn of half its beams;
Within Cyllenius' cave the goddesses flew,
And fiery Mars his livid light withdrew;
Stern Saturn's orb, now stript of all its fire,
Was forc'd from sight of mortals to retire,
And in remoter regions sent to rove,
Behind the bright revolving world of Jove:
Ill-boding owls, afraid to view the light,
Fled under covert, to prolong their night:
While fair Aurora, great Tithonus' spouse,
Sprung from her saffron bed, and iv'ry house,
The windows of her palace to disclose,
Perfum'd with balm, and many a fragrant rose;

Pure crimson dyes the goddess' limbs o'erspread,
 A purple fringed tiar deck'd her head,
 As wide she op'd the portals of the skies,
 And bade new light upon the world arise.
 The orient gleam'd with streamers manifold,
 And pour'd forth rays of azure mix'd with gold,
 That pierc'd the sable mantle of the night,
 And banish'd darkness from all mortals sight.

Array'd with fiery harness, Phœbus' steed
 Above the ocean rais'd his radiant head,
 By Phaeton lash'd before his father's car,
 Whose influence gladdens heav'n, and earth, and air,
 And while he bade the gloomy shades retire,
 From his fierce nostrils darts the living fire.

Mean time, bedeck'd in gorgeous rich array,
 Bearing aloft the blazing torch of day,
 All-glorious Phœbus, wondrous to behold,
 Sprung from his palace, crown'd with gems and gold.
 His face was with eternal beauty fair,
 Bright as the chrysolite his heav'nly hair,
 And from his head such streams of radiance rise,
 As could not be endur'd by mortal eyes.
 A flood of glory bursts his eyes between,
 To purge the air, and gild the tender green,
 His lofty throne its genial aspects pours,
 And all heav'n's influence descends in show'rs.

Before the grandeur of the glorious king,
 Fresh fragrant vapours sweet as incense spring,

Which

Which chang'd to dews, and fleecy clouds, again
 Descend in balmy show'rs upon the plain.
 The splendors of his throne's refulgent beams,
 With mingling glories, gild the ocean's streams,
 And ev'ry flood resplendent flames with day,
 Touch'd with one glance of his celestial ray.

'Twas bliss ecstatic to my wond'ring mind,
 To view the peaceful sea, and settled wind,
 The season soft, the firmament serene,
 Th' illumin'd air, and floods with glory green.
 The silver fishes, to avoid the heat,
 Glide 'thwart the streams in quest of a retreat,
 Sportive, their quiv'ring tails, and fins, display,
 And cut with many a maze their watry way.
 O'er all the shore ten thousand colours rise
 With mingled radiance, grateful to the eyes,
 And ev'ry bank with varied beauty gleams
 Through the reflection of the morning-beams.

Fair Flora all her blooming treasure spreads
 Beneath the feet of Sol's refulgent steeds :
 Th' embroider'd meadows smile with heav'nly hues,
 And forests wave umbrageous with their boughs ;
 Their boughs, which painted in thick shadows play
 On rocks, now ruddy with the morning-ray ;
 And towns, and castles, with high turrets crown'd,
 By their own shades, stood pourtray'd on the ground.

The foil, now dreading Boreas' blasts no more,
 To catch the zephyrs open'd ev'ry pore ;

Whose genial inspiration cloth'd the plain
 In a gay garment of the new-sprung grain.
 While plants and flow'rs so rose from ev'ry clod,
 The fields all wonder'd whence such plenty flow'd.

The god of gardens, and the pow'r of grain,
 With rapture view'd such increase of the plain,
 With joy beheld their treasures fill the land,
 And thank'd the bounty of kind Nature's hand.

The various verdure of the loaded vale
 O'erspreads the furrows, and each fragrant dale
 Adorn'd with variegated foliage, glow'd,
 And ev'ry branch beneath its blossoms bow'd.

Such the blest influence of the heav'nly dew,
 That fast as flocks could feed the verdure grew,
 And when the herds had brows'd a summer's day,
 'Twas not perceiv'd that ought was cropt away.

The blossoms that adorn'd the garden-ground,
 In the refreshing beams a refuge found;
 The walls were all with creeping ivy clad,
 And fair the hawthorn look'd, with blooms o'erspread.
 Amid the foliage of the well-prop'd vine,
 The new-form'd infant-grapes began to shine,
 While leaves and op'ning buds on ev'ry side
 The tapestry of Nature's hand display'd.

Each shrub, and bush, o'er all the fragrant plain,
 Fill'd with fresh vigour by the balmy rain,

Smil'd,

Smil'd, as if struck with wonder and surprise,
 To see their blooms display such various dyes ;
 Purple, or red, or azure, these were seen,
 And those, or brown, or pale, or gray, or green ;
 Here some their blue and sanguine leaves unfold,
 There heav'nly tinctur'd some, and some like gold ;
 Here sweet cerulean colours charm the eyes,
 And yonder white with crimson blended lies :
 The daisy spreads abroad her little crown,
 And op'ning flow'rs let all their fragrance down :
 Here trefoil and ranunculus entwine,
 There flow'rs-de-luce and dusky columbine ;
 Soft camomile in yonder corner grows,
 And there the clover joins the damask rose.
 Soft velvet downs on the dandelion spring,
 Fair snow-white blooms on the strawberries hing ;
 The vi'lets here their azure folds display,
 The yellow crocus there, and primrose gay.
 The crimson rose just op'ning to the eye,
 Affords a glance of its vermilion dye ;
 While others near, in riper beauty spread,
 From golden boughs their spicy fragrance shed.
 The curling lilies, fair as winter's snow,
 Unfold, and all their glowing beauties show ;
 Soft balmy vapours from their silken tops
 Distil in sweet ambrosial honey-drops ;
 And silver threads, by stern Arachne spun,
 Depend from ev'ry leaf, and glitter in the sun.

Each bud, and flow'er, o'er all the fertile ground,
 Hung full of pearly dew-drops all around.

Each herb, and shrub, each scion, bud, and bloom,
 Receiv'd the balmy moisture in its womb,
 By heat concoctive, speedy to produce,
 For busy bees, full store of nect'rous juice.

Exhal'd by force of Phœbus' genial ray,
 From ev'ry root fresh odours forc'd their way,
 Whose smell more health and vigour could impart
 Than all inventions of the doctor's art.
 Fragrant as spice, or aromatic gums,
 Myrrh, aloes, cinnamon, or rich perfumes,
 Choice ointments, or the most alluring draught
 Of costliest drug, from farthest India brought.

'Twas sweeter than Elysium to behold
 The gardens gay, the fields all green and gold,
 In beauty smiling all th' enamel'd meads,
 And swans majestic floating through the reeds,
 Seeking a place, the lakes and floods among,
 To build their nests, and rear their tender young.

Phœbus' red bird, with coral crest endow'd,
 Oft stretching forth his plumage, crow'd aloud,
 Exulting through the bushes as he roves,
 In quest of food, attended by his loves.

The peacock, of his beauty justly vain,
 Display'd the honours of his starry train,
 Like Iris' bow, compos'd of mingling dyes,
 And radiant still with Argus' hundred eyes.

Among the olive-twigs, with ardent care,
The birds their artful habitations rear,
Or on the thick'ning hedge, or shady groves,
Rejoice, and sing in concert with their loves.

The villain spider, gloomily withdrawn,
Within the window's corner weaves his lawn,
Of snareful texture, where he hid may lie,
And rush with fury on th' intangled fly.

Dry clouds of dust arise in ev'ry street,
And ravens gasp beneath the fervent heat.

Deep in the bosom of th' inclosed ground,
'Midst shades, and vales, the raging bucks are found,
And panting harts retire in mingling droves,
To seek the covert of the thickest groves ;
There, red of hue, and fleeter than the wind,
Her speckled offspring nurs'd the tender hind,
The kids pursue the roes athwart the lawn,
And the dun doe is follow'd by the fawn.
On greens, and op'ning glades, the little lambs,
All fat and fair, run bleating to their dams ;
Round the plump heifer sports her lowing care,
And fatness clothes the herds in glitt'ring hair.

Along the margin of the briny waves,
Or where the pleasing stream the verdure laves,
In sportive crouds the jocund nymphs repair,
And knit fresh garlands for their flowing hair.

In

In sport and glee, they joyful dance around,
While with their songs the hills and dales resound.
One sings,—“ The ship now cuts the foaming sea,
Will bring my merry lover home to me.”

Another,—“ Cares shall ne’er my bosom move,
My heart relies on such a virtuous love.”

Hard by, of am’rous youths a pensive train,
To vent their woes, in mutual sighs complain.
Whisp’ring their cares, they spend the morn in grief,
And seek in songs, or sighs, to find relief.

Some try with artful lays their nymphs to move,
And some on airy visions feed their love ;

While others, sunk amid consummate wo,
Despair, and find it hell where-e’er they go.

But some, content with an impurer flame,
Make brothels and debauch’ry all their aim ;
Or with their vile companions spend the hours,
To tell the story of their lewd amours.

But these base actions they with pleasure tell,
Are dark as winter, and are black as hell ;
Not like this glorious season of the spring,
When purest joys inspire each living thing,
When men, and beasts, untainted passions move,
And ev’ry bosom glows with lawful love.

Lo! on each bough, with blooms and verdure hung,
Nature’s musicians tune the tender tongue !
Hark, how their accents strike the trembling air !
How ev’ry creature sings away its care !
The tuneful thrush with Philomela vies,
And from the blackbird’s throat soft sounds arise ;

In varied notes the starling tells his love,
 And plaintive strains break from the cooing dove;
 In the wall's cleft the sparrow chirps and sings,
 And with the finch and linnet æther rings!
 In simple sounds the quail and cuckoo cries,
 And round the vales ten thousand echoes rise:
 While tender twigs all tremble on the trees,
 Through song of birds, and humming of the bees.

Hark, with what sounds of heav'nly harmony,
 The lark melodiously ascends the sky,
 Eager with heart-affecting strains to sing
 The praise of nature, and of nature's King!
 Nature, and nature's King, her songs employ,
 And my soul melted with excess of joy;
 While join'd by little birds on ev'ry spray,
 She pour'd this rapture to the lord of day.

Hail! glorious sun, whose rays all nature cheer!
 Hail! source of light, and ruler of the year;
 Hail! nourisher of herbs that clothe the fields,
 Hail! quick'ner of each flow'r that fragrance yields;
 Hail! blest support of ev'ry root and vein,
 Hail! comforter of ev'ry fruit and grain;
 Hail! welfare of the peasants at the ploughs,
 Hail! kind repairer of woods, trees, and boughs;
 Hail! heav'nly painter of the blooming meads,
 Hail! life and soul of ev'ry thing that feeds,
 By whose blest pow'r, all life with offspring teems;
 Hail! glorious sun! all hail! refreshing beams!

Bright

Bright image of heav'n's Sov'reign in the sky,
Reproaching those in shameful sloth who lie.

And at this word, in chamber where I lay,
On the ninth pleasant morn of temp'rate May,
Now tir'd of sleep, I sprung upon my feet,
Eager this tedious version to complete,
And to behold the coming of the king,
Which was so joyful to each worldly thing.
Now by his face, with radiant glories spread,
Beaming triumphant o'er the mountain's head,
While heav'nly rays illumin'd all the east,
I knew the fourth hour of the morn was past;
And thought I would no longer lie in May,
Nor lose one moment of so fine a day;
Left Phœbus' beams, which made all nature glad,
Should blame my sloth, for slumb'ring long in bed.
For Progne, mindful of her ancient wo,
Her sad complaint had ended long ago;
Sweet Philomela, finishing her lay,
All fearful, to the green wood wing'd her way;
And Æacus, for fair Hesperia sad,
In doleful penance mourn'd the hapless maid.

The turtle, ever faithful to her flame,
Bade lovers rise to serve the Paphian dame:
Awake! she cries, your earliest voice employ,
To praise the queen, who fills my heart with joy;
From every care, but hers alone, be free,
And learn true love and constancy from me.

Her

Her neck she wanton'd as her tale she told,
 Which flam'd with azure plumage, mix'd with gold;
 Her plumage at each motion chang'd its hue,
 And shone successive, purple, green, or blue.
 And while such beauties round her bosom move,
 She sung, I am come here to court my love.
 Such eager force her little breast displays,
 Quiv'ring in broken notes her wanton lays,
 That, with the sound of her lascivious cry,
 I weary'd of my bed, and could not lie;
 But breath'd a pray'r, then on my garments flung,
 And as the bell for matins was not rung,
 I snatch'd my quill, and chearfully sat down,
 With this last book the Mantuan song to crown.



SAPPHO'S ODE to VENUS.

Translated from the original Greek.

By a STUDENT.

SOft, smiling VENUS, heavenly fair,
 To whom our lofty temples rise,
 Who gently lay'st the secret snare
 In which the bleeding lover dies;

Propitious power! my soul inspire,
 And shield from ev'ry danger nigh;

Descend,

Descend, and tune my warbling lyre,
If e'er thou heardst a lover's cry.

Thou, who hast left th' immortal throng,
To sooth my drooping soul to rest,
O! hear once more my gentle song,
And sweetly calm my glowing breast.

Thus, while I sung, to ease my care,
The heav'nly goddess left the skies;
While sparrows drew the floating car,
Her dazzling glories blest mine eyes.

Then, with a soft, inviting smile:
What fears thy tender thoughts controul?
Why call'st thou me?—What hopes beguile?
What wishes fill thy melting soul!

Why is my fair a prey to wo?
Why streams with grief that sparkling eye?
Why must thy heaving bosom glow?
O! tell, my Sappho, tell me why.

If of the false, deluding youth,
My lovely charmer now complains,
Soon he'll reward thy steady truth,
And take the gifts he now disdains.

If now he shuns these longing arms,
Soon will he own your mighty sway,
Adore these sweet, resistless charms,
And all your soft commands obey.

O! thou who heardst my penfive sighs,
Behold my copious sorrows flow,
Leave once again thy native skies,
And shield my drooping soul from wo.



ALCIDA and DIANA. A PASTORAL.

From the Spanish of Gil Polo's Diana Enamorada.

WHere fam'd Guidiana's silver water spreads
Through fair Iberia's flow'r-enamell'd meads,
What time the sun rode brightest o'er the plains,
Two shepherdesses try'd the sylvan strains;
There to the shelter of a grove retir'd,
They sung alternate what the muse inspir'd.

Alc. While sultry Phœbus darts a burning ray,
And maids in bands by shady fountains stray;
While chirping grasshoppers the thickets shun,
And frolic, blithsome, in the noon-day sun,
Fair shepherdess, with music fill the grove,
Such music as the gracious Heav'n may move
T' approve thy numbers, and consenting, pour
Upon the parched mead the silent show'r.

Dia. While now the sun flames in the front of heav'n,
And half from east to west his car has driv'n;
While round the lab'rer's head his beams he plies,
And the unfinish'd furrow glowing lies;

Harmonious to the stream that glides along,
 Awake thy voice, and raise the tuneful song.
 While thy soft lays shall so melodious flow,
 No wind with ruffian blast shall rudely blow;
 But only zephyrs' gentle pow'r prevail,
 To breathe a sweetness o'er the flow'ry dale.

Alc. Pure crystal brook, whose current smoothly glides,
 Here on thy banks eternal spring abides.
 The fields where-e'er thy gay meanders turn,
 Fair lilies grace, and vary'd pinks adorn.
 May ne'er the sun invade with fiery beams,
 To blast thy fountain, and to dry thy streams.
 May no neglected flock with wand'ring pace
 The brightness of thy watry glass deface;
 Nor to thy shades the flighted lover come,
 To make thy rocks resound his wretched doom.

Dia. Ye flow'ry lawns, ye lofty hills around,
 With stately trees and humbler bushes crown'd,
 About whose roots the gaudy herbage glows,
 And Nature all her beauteous painting shows;
 May thy aspiring forests e'er remain
 Unhurt by winter's desolating train.
 May they still flourish in eternal green,
 Ne'er on their leaves the waste of frosts be seen;
 Nor may the raging Dog-star's fury spoil
 The verdant face of this delicious soil.

Alc. Here, far from court, and far from baleful strife,
 The humble shepherd leads a joyful life.

In some low hut retir'd, with peace we dwell,
 Hard by the margin of a murm'ring rill,
 Where little songsters warble through the shade,
 And flow'rs around their balmy odours spread ;
 While on each wood, each hill, and ample plain,
 A general smile and rosy sweetness reign.

Dia. Here the soft whisp'ring of the gentle breeze,
 That fans the glade, and shakes the leafy trees,
 Yields more delight, than when in city meet,
 With rustling silk, and din of sounding feet,
 The courtly dames, where all their boasted joys
 Are nought but folly, vanity, and noise ;
 While ev'ry count'nance wears a borrow'd smile,
 And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue beguile.

Alc. No trace of bold ambition here is seen,
 Nor av'rice watching gold with haggard mien.
 No shepherd here aspires at large estate,
 Nor courts the smiles and favours of the great.
 Exempt from Passion's arbitrary sway,
 On downy feet his minutes steal away.
 Here Justice too attends the injur'd's call,
 If on the weak th' oppressor's hand should fall.

Dia. No humble shepherd ploughs the watry main,
 To new-found seas, in quest of sordid gain ;
 Nor measures leagues to India's distant shore,
 To gather thousands of a faithless ore :
 For here the toiling hind lives as content,
 As he whose bags receives his early rent.

Thus sung the maidens, till departing day
 Peep'd through the golden clouds with feeble ray.
 Homeward they hy'd, and drove their flocks along,
 To-morrow to renew their rural song.



The FLY and TROUT.

Omnes eodem cogimur.

HOR. od. 3. b. 2.

AS near yon stream, the other day,
 Sooth'd by the murm'ring current's play,
 I thoughtless stroll'd along;
 Behold! of largest growth, a fly
 Adown the stream came glif'ning by,
 The smaller flies among.

In sportive air it spread the sail,
 And, o'er the rest, the flying gale
 It caught with seeming pride;
 Swiftly it skims the crystal waves,
 Now in the purling eddy laves,
 More smoothly now it glides.

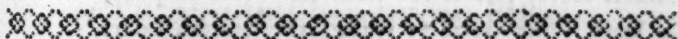
What joy! it said, or seem'd to say,
 Thus on the sparkling stream to play,
 And quit the fields of air;
 How dull, because on wings they rise,
 Is yonder croud of vulgar flies,
 To float for ever there!

Still

Still let the timid fordid crew
The same old beaten track pursue,
Nor tempt one new delight;
I dare to live, to live I know,
And grasp at ev'ry joy below;
No fancy'd ills affright.

While thus he tun'd his idle song,
Borne by the crystal stream along,
A trout descry'd the prize;
And upward darting, swift as thought,
The vain, the boasting insect caught;
The boasting insect dies.

I mark'd his fate, I smote my breast;
Deep be the lesson there imprest,
Which thus my genius gave:
The wretch who quits the path assign'd,
To taste forbidden joy, shall find
New ways to reach the grave.



TO MR JOHN HOME.

BRITANNIA, hush, thy martial wrath appease;
Be lull'd the trumpet's brazen voice to peace;
A while let ev'ry warrior quit the field,
And his rude toils to softer pleasures yield:
And thou, BRITANNIA, leave all mortal things,
And gracious listen, for thy darling sings.—

—Or rather let thy martial spirit blaze,
 And ev'ry warrior's soul to glory raise,
 Let all thy genius ev'ry breast inflame
 With virtue, and the thirst of virtuous fame :
 For lo ! thy HOME commands, and, to thine eyes
 Thy sons, thine ancient sons, once more arise ;
 Once more they shine in all their glory bright,
 And, while each bosom kindles at the fight,
 Each Briton catches the heroic fire,
 Which only thou, O goddess ! canst inspire.

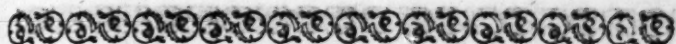
Hail, mighty bard ! whose harmony divine
 Calls up the hero from the hallow'd shrine ;
 Breathes in his bosom honour's sacred flame,
 Which runs from breast to breast, and lights the same,
 Till, as his soul high tow'rs, or droops in wo,
 The rapt breast burns, and sorrow's sluices flow ;
 Inchantment strange creates, and moves the whole,
 Then stamps the human virtues on the soul.

Such secret power the heav'nly Nine impart,
 To lead, from wave to wave, the human heart,
 Which, on the magic tide, still floats along,
 Now sinks, now rises, with the various song ;
 In pity melts, now burns with virtue's fire :
 And such the pow'r thy lays, great bard, inspire.

O ! then, while all the muses fire thy breast,
 Yield to the muses Britain's kind behest ;
 Summon the mighty dead, who've too long slept,
 Nor by the muses, nor by Britons wept ;

Again

Again our fires heroic virtues show,
 Again command the filial tear to flow,
 Till, by thy pious care, each hero's name
 Shall rise, like DOUGLAS, to eternal fame.



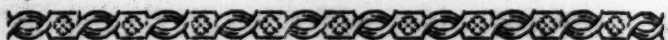
VERSES upon INVERARY.

By the author of DOUGLAS.

A Ttracted by the sapient monarch's fame,
 To Sion's hill the fair Sabæan came;
 There, emulous, beheld, with piercing eyes,
 The glorious state of Solomon the wise.
 She saw her thoughts surpass'd: o'erpow'r'd, she sigh'd,
 And her proud heart within her bosom dy'd.
 Enough, she said; Fame magnify'd of old,
 But half thy splendor, Prince! she never told.
 So when I came, mov'd by a gracious smile,
 To the proud Lebanon of great ARGYLL;
 Enthusiast I, who love the Delphic strain,
 And fondly follow in the Muses' train;
 The works of Nature and ARGYLL I saw,
 Whose works are wonders. Touch'd with sacred awe,
 My adoration to the Muse I paid,
 And begg'd, for such a theme, celestial aid.
 High on a hill, the Queen of Verse, serene
 Beheld the vastness of the various scene:

The

The Queen of Verse, like Sheba's princess, sigh'd,
 And thus desponding, my request deny'd :
 Bid thou mankind come hither and admire !
 She said, and sadly silent dropt the lyre.

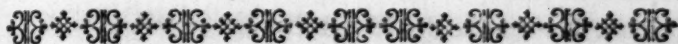


To the Author of the preceding poem.

Ingenious bard ! who wond'ring tribute paid,
 When thou the works of great ARGYLL survey'd ;
 Well might the charming scene thy bosom fire,
 Where Art with Nature mutually conspire,
 To please th' admiring eye. Grateful the toil,
 When but to prune the bough, or till the soil.
 Wouldst thou his half-creative pow'r behold,
 Like Sheba's Queen, view what remains untold ?
 Go see the *WHIM* ! where groves and verdant fields,
 And Ceres now her golden plenty yields.
 Canals with gilded carp so richly stor'd,
 Might daily give to cram an English Lord,
 And grace the landlord's hospitable board.
 But best of all, to bless the planter's care,
 Exotics flourish as in native air.
 There proud Libanus with New England vies,
 And thousand various trees delight the eyes.
 From slothful sad degen'racy retriev'd,
 See mother Earth to fertil'ty reviv'd.
 Sweet INDUSTRY ! what numbers there do feel
 Thy bless'd effect, the truest patriot zeal !

To

To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
Thy aim, ARGYLL, to give the lab'rer bread.
May He great Heav'n's reward of virtue prove,
Long live on earth, be ever blest'd above.



EPIGRAM on a pair of CLERGYMEN.

By the author of DOUGLAS.

I Smile, my easy friend, at you,
And your immense surprise,
To see the Player Priest ascend,
While low the Poet lies.

In Life's delusive scene, the Bard
Disdainful mocks at Art:
The sly Comedian, *mask on mask*,
Persists to *act a part*.



PROLOGUE on the Birthday of the
Prince of WALES. 1759.

By the same.

W Ith heart and head light as the nimble air,
From full libations to Britannia's heir,

Your

Your Garrick comes. O for a muse of fire,
 Whose glowing verse might answer my desire ;
 And paint the joy due to this glorious day,
 Which marks our Prince mature for future sway !
 Mature in years, in virtue ripe before :
 Science has taught the Royal Youth her lore ;
 Pointed the path to which his heart inclin'd,
 And fix'd the generous purpose of his mind ;
 Avow'd his purpose, and confess'd his aim,
 On Freedom's base to build a monarch's fame ;
 To stand the regal guardian of the laws,
 And make the public good the prince's cause.

This joyful day Britannia's foes deplore ;
 Your shouts of triumph shake the Gallic shore.
 From Liberty our island-empire rose ;
 To Liberty her might Britannia owes.
 This is the proud palladium of the state,
 The monarch's grandeur and the people's fate.
 In vain shall rival potentates combine,
 And fickle Austria with proud Bourbon join ;
 Britain the bulwark of the world shall stand,
 Whilst Freedom's strength sustains a scepter'd hand.

Our aged King, whose length of days, renown,
 And the warm love of grateful Britons, crown,
 Long, with his people, mourn'd the fatal blow
 That laid his son, the hope of nations, low ;
 Now, through the cares that age and greatness know,
 A smile paternal smooths the monarch's brow ;

From

From his own stock he sees the branch arise,
A native plant, to bloom in Britain's skies.

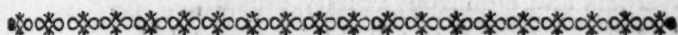
Long may the parent tree his arms extend,
And long, with shelt'ring shade, his race defend;
Long may his subjects bless their monarch's sway,
And oft return the Prince's natal day.



E P I G R A M.

By the same.

HAughty and fierce the Caledonian stood;
Old was his mutton, and his claret good.
Let him drink port, an English statesman cried;
He drank the poison, and his spirit died.



On reading the Declaration of War in 1756.

By Mr JAMES BEATTIE.

WHile Peace uprear'd aloft her graceful head,
And o'er the world her balmy blessings shed:
While laurel'd Science flourish'd in her reign;
While undisturb'd the merchant plough'd the main;
Wide o'er the trackless ocean ply'd the oar,
And fraught with treasure gain'd his native shore:

While

While Britons, blest'd beyond the human race,
 Enjoy'd the sweets of liberty and peace ;
 Prun'd the rich vineyard with the uselefs spear,
 And the broad falchion beat into a share :
 While in the peaceful vale the happy swains
 Till'd the fat glebe, and reap'd the honest gains ;
 And graceful youths with blooming maids were seen
 In mazy dance glide swift along the green ;
 Or rais'd to rapture, *Peace and Plenty* sung ;
 With *Peace and Plenty* ev'ry valley rung :
 The trumpet's angry clang was heard no more,
 No hostile cannon thunder'd round the shore,
 Nor were our slumbers broke by War's alarms,
 Nor the wide champaign gleam'd with glitt'ring arms :
 While happy prospects blest'd our ravish'd eyes,
 See, unprovok'd, th' ambitious Gaul arise.
 See, Britons, see, before the faithlefs Gaul
 What provinces lie waste, what numbers fall !
 Murders and monstrous cruelty prevail,
 And scarce one left to tell th' amazing tale !
 What guiltlefs blood has stain'd Americ's shore !
 What black barbarity, unhear'd before,
 Has spread around its more than brutal rage,
 Has spar'd nor tender youth nor flooping age !
 All grim in blood see the destroying foe
 Pour on, exulting at the scenes of wo !
 See, all around the raging flames arise,
 And send the village blazing to the skies !
 See the soft virgin in proud triumph born,
 The infant from its mother's bosom torn,

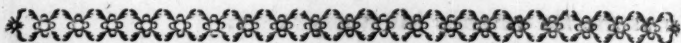
Dash'd

Dash'd with un pitying hands against the floor,
 Its quiv'ring members swim in tides of gore!—
 Hark!—grov'ling in the dust the father's groan!
 The childless mother's unavailing moan,
 The piercing shriek, the shrill bewailing cry,
 Join'd to the victor's shouts, invade the rending sky.

Fir'd by your country's wrongs, arise to arms,
 Ye brave, whose breasts a British spirit warms!
 Defend the best of kings, your rights assert,
 And let the faithless find their just desert.
 HAWKE and BOSTAWEN! clad in terrors, go,
 And hurl red vengeance on the treach'rous foe.
 Far as the sea extends his watry reign,
 Tell to the world, BRITANNIA rules the main;
 Proclaim, that, by the fix'd decree of Heav'n,
 To her the empire of the sea was giv'n:
 This send in thunder to each hostile ear,
 Let haughty nations tremble when they hear.
 Go, first of heroes! prove your matchless might,
 Your souls undaunted in the rage of fight:
 With vengeance just pursue your country's foes,
 With vengeance due to sad Americ's woes.—
 See, see! those murder'd ghosts arise to view,
 Point to their goary wounds, and call on you!
 Defac'd with blood see the sad train arise!
 Pale, ghastly Horror stares tremendous in their eyes!

O thou SUPREME! whose hand the thunder forms,
 Wings the red lightning, and awakes the forms;

Whose word or lays the peaceful waves asleep,
 Or into mountains heaves the roaring deep ;
 At whose command the kingdoms rise and fall,
 Whose awful nod o'erturns the trembling ball ;
 Makes horrid war and boist'rous tumult cease,
 And glads the nations with the sweets of peace !
 With great success O crown our just design,
 And let thy face upon our armies shine ;
 In the dread day of danger and dismay,
 Propitious point to victory the way ;
 Still War's alarms once more, and let thy smile
 With peace and plenty crown BRITANNIA'S isle.



The Earl MARISCHAL'S Welcome to
 his native Country. An ODE.

Attempted in the manner of PINDAR.

By Mr JAMES MACPHERSON.

'T Was when the full-ear'd harvest bow'd
 Beneath the merry reaper's hand ;
 When here the plenteous sheafs were strew'd,
 And there the corns nod o'er the land ;
 When, on each side, the loaden'd ground,
 Breathing her ripen'd scents, the jovial season crown'd.

The villagers, all on the green,
 'Th' arrival of their LORD attend ;

The

The blithesome shepherds haste to join,
 And whistling from the hills descend ;
 Nor orphan nor lone widow mourns ;
 E'en hopeless lovers lose their pains ;
 To-day their banish'd LORD returns,
 Once more to bless his native plains.

Each hoary fire, with gladden'd face,
 Repeats some ancient tale ;
 How he with TYRCIS, at the chace,
 Hy'd o'er the hill and dale :
 Their hoary heads with rapture glow,
 While each to each repeats,
 How well he knew where to bestow,
 Was to oppression still a foe ;
 Still mixing with their praise his youthful feats.

Then from the grass Melanthus rose,
 The arbitrator of the plains,
 And silent all stood fix'd to hear
 The Tityrus of Mernia's swains :
 For with the Muse's fire his bosom glow'd,
 And easy from his lips the numbers flow'd.

“ Now the wish'd-for day is come,
 Our LORD reviews his native home ;
 Now clear and strong ideas rise,
 And wrap my soul in ecstasies :
 Methinks I see that ruddy morn,
 When, waken'd by the hunter's horn,

I rose; and, by yon mountain's side,
 Saw TYRQIS and ACHATES ride;
 While floating by yon craggy brow
 The slowly scattering mist withdrew:
 I saw the roe-buck cross yon plain,
 Yon heathy steep I saw him gain;
 The hunters still fly o'er the ground,
 Their shouts the distant hills resound;
 Dunnotyr's tow'rs resound the peal
 That echoes o'er the hill and dale:
 At length, what time the ploughman leads
 Home from the field his weary steeds,
 At yon old tree the roe-buck fell:
 The huntsmens jocund mingled shouts his downfal tell.

The mem'ry of those happy days
 Still in my breast must transport raise;
 Those happy days, when oft were seen
 The BROTHERS, marching o'er the green,
 With dog and gun, while yet the night
 Was blended with the dawning light,
 When first the sheep begin to bleat,
 And th' early kine rise from their dewy seat."

Thus as he spoke, each youthful breast
 Glows with wild ecstasies;
 In each eye rapture stands confess,
 Each thinks he flies along the mead,
 And manages the fiery steed,
 And hears the beagles cries.

The sage Melanthus now again
Stretch'd forth his hand, and thus resum'd the strain.

“ Now my youthful heat returns,
My breast with youthful vigour burns :
Methinks I see that glorious day,
When, to hunt the fallow-deer,
Three thousand march'd in grand array ;
Three thousand march'd with bow and spear,
All in the light and healthy dress
Our brave forefathers wore,
In Kenneth's wars, and Bruce's days,
And when the Romans fled their dreadful wrath of yore.

O'er ev'ry hill, o'er ev'ry dale,
All by the winding banks of Tay,
Resounds the hunter's chearful peal,
Their armour glitt'ring to the day.”

Big with his joys of youth the old man stood—
Dunnotyr's ruin'd tow'rs then caught his eye ;—
He stopp'd—and hung his head in pensive mood,
And from his bosom burst th' unbidden sigh.
Then turning, with a warrior look,
Shaking his hoary curls, the old man spoke :

“ Virtue, O Fortune ! scorns thy pow'r ;
Thou canst not bind her for an hour ;
Virtue shall ever shine ;
And endless praise, her glorious dow'r,
Shall bless her sons divine.

The kings of th' earth, with open arms,
 Th' illustrious EXILES hail :
 See ! warlike CYRUS, great and wise,
 Demand, and follow their advice,
 And all his breast unvail.

See ! pouring from their hills of snow,
 Nations of savages in arms ;
 A desert lies where-e'er they go,
 Before them march pale Terror and Alarms.
 The Princes of the South prepare
 Their thousand thousands for the war ;
 Against thee, CYRUS, they combine ;
 The North and South their forces join
 To crush thee in the dust :
 But thou art safe ; ACHATES draws
 His sword with thine, and backs thy cause ;
 Yes, thou art doubly safe, thy cause is just.

With dread the Turks have oft beheld
 His sword wide waving o'er the field ;
 As oft these sons of carnage fled
 O'er mountains of their kindred dead.

When all the fury of the fight
 With wrath redoubled rag'd ;
 When man to man, with giant-might,
 For all that's dear engag'd ;
 When all was thunder, smoke, and fire ;
 When from their native rocks the frighted springs re-
 tire :

'Twas

'Twas then, through streams of smoke and blood,
 ACHATES mounts the city-wall;
 Though wounded, like a god he stood,
 And at his feet the foes submissive fall.

Brave are the Goths, and fierce in fight;
 Yet these he gave to rout and flight:
 Proud when they were of victory,
 He rush'd on like a storm, dispers'd and weak they fly.
 Thus, from the Grampians old,
 A torrent, deep and strong,
 Down rushes on the fold,
 And sweeps the shepherd and the flock along.

When, through an aged wood,
 The thunder roars amain,
 His paths with oaks are strew'd,
 And ruin marks the plain:
 So many a German field can tell,
 How in his path the mighty heroes fell.

When, with their num'rous dogs, the swains
 Surprise the aged lion's den,
 Th' old warrior rushes to the charge,
 And scorns the rage of dogs and men;
 His whelps he guards on ev'ry side;
 Safe they retreat.—What though a mortal dart
 Stands trembling in his breast, his dauntless heart
 Glows with a victor's pride.

So the old lion, brave ACHATES, fought;
 And miracles of prowess wrought;
 With a few piquets bore the force
 Of eighty thousand, stopt their course
 Till off his friends had march'd, and all was well.
 Ev'n he himself could ne'er do more,
 Fate had no greater deed in store —
 When all his host was safe, the god-like HERO fell."

Thus as he spoke, each hoary fire
 Fights o'er again his ancient wars;
 Each youth burns with a hero's fire,
 And triumphs in his future scars;
 O'er bloody fields each thinks he rides,
 The thunder of the battle guides;
 Beneath his lifted arm, struck pale,
 The foes for mercy cry;
 And hears applauding legions hail
 Him with the shouts of victory.



On the Death of a YOUNG LADY.

By the same.

Lamented shade! thy fate demands a tear,
 An off'ring due to thy untimely bier;
 Accept then, early tenant of the skies,
 The genuine drops that flow from Friendship's eyes!
 Those

Those eyes which raptur'd hung on thee before !
 Those eyes which never shall behold thee more ;
 So early hast thou to the tomb retir'd,
 And left us mourning what we once admir'd.

For this did Beauty's fairest hand arise
 On all your shape, and kindle in your eyes ?
 For this did virtue form your infant mind,
 And make thee best, as fairest, of thy kind ?
 Did all the pow'rs for this their gifts bestow,
 And only charm us to increase our wo ?
 A moment blest us with celestial day,
 Then, envious, snatch the sacred beam away ?
 Recall the beauteous prize they lately gave,
 And bid our tears descend on ANNA's grave ?

How did the mother see her daughter rise,
 A lovely plant to bless her aged eyes !
 How oft, in thought, her future pleasure trace,
 Appoint her husband, and enjoy her race !
 But now nor husband shall enjoy that bloom,
 Nor offspring rise from the unfruitful tomb.

An unexpected gift the virgin came,
 The last, but fairest, of a falling name ;
 A ray to light a father's eve she shone,
 And heal'd the loss of many a bury'd son :
 But soon invading darkness chas'd away
 The beauteous setting of a glorious day ;
 Soon Heav'n, which gave, again resum'd its own ;
 And of his fam'ly he remains alone.

His

His thoughts in her refin'd no more he'll trace,
 Or view his features soften'd in her face ;
 No more in secret on her beauty gaze,
 Or hide his gladness when he hears her praise :
 Mute is the tongue which pleas'd his soul before,
 And beauty blushes in that cheek no more.

Peace, gentle shade, attend thy balmy rest,
 And earth sit lightly on thy snowy breast ;
 Let guardian angels gently hover round,
 And downy silence haunt the hallow'd ground ;
 There let the Spring its sweetest offspring rear,
 And sad Aurora shed her earliest tear.
 Some future maid, perhaps, as she goes by,
 Shall view the place where her cold reliques lie ;
 Folly, for once, may sadden into care ;
 And Pride, unconscious, shed one generous tear ;
 While this big truth is swelling in the breast,
 That Death nor spares the fairest nor the best ;
 That Virtue feels th' unalterable doom,
 And Beauty's self must moulder in the tomb.



EPITAPH on the Rev. Mr JAMES HERVEY.

HERE HERVEY's precious dust is laid ;
 Here peaceful rests his sacred head ;
 Whose honest fame and works divine,
 Shall ever live, shall ever shine ;

By

By all admired shall remain,
Where genius, taste, and virtue reign.

His soul by heav'nly grace inspir'd,
With love to God and goodness fir'd,
Made Nature vocal to proclaim
Religion's excellence supreme :
And though he never dipp'd his pen,
To court the empty praise of men ;
Yet oft his smooth harmonious style
Would ev'n the gay to bliss beguile.
Each virtue in his bosom found,
With chaste humility was crown'd.
Acknowledging his sins were great
'Gainst God, in this imperfect state,
He check'd each rising spark of pride,
And on his Saviour still rely'd.

Upon the consecrated morn *
On which our blessed LORD was born,
HERVEY serenely clos'd his eyes,
While angels waft him to the skies.
Now lost in ecstasy and love,
He tunes the harp in heav'n above.

* He died on Christmas-day 1758, at Weston-Favel near Northampton, of which parish he was Rector.

SOLITUDE. A POEM.

Written in a beautiful wild recess near FORT-
AUGUSTUS.

By Mr R. S—T.

F Air Solitude, romantic maid !
That, deep amid the sylvan shade,
Calm and silent, lov'st to dwell,
Musing in thy moss-green cell,
Hollow'd in the ragged rock,
Shaded by an aged oak ;
Where the wanton ivy grows,
And the tumbling water flows ;
Take me to thy peaceful arms,
And make me blest'd with all thy charms.

Oft hast thou seen the sacred Nine
With fairest garlands deck thy shrine ;
Oft hast thou heard thy praises sung
By many a sweet and tuneful tongue :
How shall I sing thee, goddess ! how
Approach thy throne with off'rings due ?

Seldom is thy sweet abode
By the foot of mortal trode,
Save when contemplation free,
Evermore devote to thee,

Leads

Leads some penfive happy fwain
 Far acrofs the flow'ry plain,
 To thy shady green retreat,
 Where Health and Wifdom fix their feat.
 Health with cheeks of rofy dye,
 Polifh'd brow, and fparkling eye,
 Ever chearful, ever gay,
 Laughs the happy hours away.
 Wifdom, fweet, but awful too,
 More fix'd her eye, fevere her brow,
 With pleasures fabled and refin'd
 Delights her ever-thoughtful mind.

Sportive echo, always near,
 Repeats to thy fond lift'ning ear
 The thrufh and blackbird's lively fong,
 Sweeteft of the warbling throng !

See from her lap gay Flora pour
 Many a fair and fragrant flow'r !
 To fan thee zephyr gives the breeze,
 That foftly fhakes the rustling trees,
 And, in its courfe, from ev'ry bloom,
 To glad thee, fteals the rich perfume.

The waving groves on either fide
 Are drefs'd in all their fummer's pride ;
 They in thy honour, gentle queen !
 Put on their gayeft robes of green.

Through the pleasing shady grove
 Free and carelefs let me rove ;
 And while the scene my bosom warms,
 With transport look on Nature's charms :
 Wild and rugged though she be,
 Not the less ador'd by me.

On yon precipice's brow,
 Leaning on the bending bough,
 Deeply musing let me stand,
 And mark the wonders of her hand.

See the river wind along,
 The wilds and tufted hills among !
 Placid now it flows, and deep ;
 Now it thunders down the steep ;
 With violence dash'd, it foams and roars,
 And, falling, shakes the lofty shores :
 The rocks, and bellowing caves around,
 And woods and hills repeat the sound.

See yon old fantastic oak !
 That ne'er shall feel the woodman's stroke ;
 High on the cliff its roots extend,
 And low th' inverted branches bend ;
 Whence shoots the buzzard through the air,
 That long has fix'd his empire there ;
 And long and safe shall be his reign ;
 Who dares invade him, dares in vain.

Yon mighty elm beside the flood
 Secure for many an age had stood,
 Till by the rushing torrent min'd,
 At length its weighty head declin'd;
 In thunder it forsook the skies,
 And cross th' indignant river lies.

Now quickly roves th' exulting eye
 To yon aëreal mountain high,
 That rises rough and wild, and shrouds
 Its rocky summit in the clouds:
 Its foot the Nefs assiduous laves
 With his soft-flowing silver waves;
 While in the crystal flood are seen
 Delightful groves of softer green:
 Th' inverted mountain there we view,
 The fleecy clouds, and æther blue;
 And the mild sun, with gentler ray,
 Diffuses less resplendent day.

Now in the peaceful shade reclin'd,
 Bless'd with serenity of mind,
 O let me, while at ease I lie,
 Enjoy the moments as they fly:
 Let me not impiously complain,
 That former joys I can't regain;
 Nor yet, a prey to present sorrow,
 Expect my happiness to-morrow;
 For, oh! the short, the transient now,
 Is all the gods to us allow.

When solemn thought can charm no more,
 Let Fancy ope her pleasing store,
 And, by her pow'rful magic, send
 'To my retreat my absent friend,
 Or thee, my ever-lovely maid!
 In all thy native sweets array'd;
 Bid thee in Beauty's pomp arise,
 Once more to bless my longing eyes.
 Heav'n, with a bounty unconfin'd,
 Hath grac'd thy form and bless'd thy mind;
 The solitary wild, with thee,
 Is happy paradise to me.

Thus sports my careless rural song
 In concert with the woodland throng;
 Thus, unperceiv'd, the summer-day
 Serene and happy flies away.

Unwise are they whose fleeting joys
 Time, place, or accident destroys.
 The fields with summer's glory crown'd,
 Where Beauty's fairest charms abound;
 The waving groves, the verdant hills,
 The flow'ry meads, and tinkling rills;
 The stately dome, the garden fair,
 The town, and all the pleasures there;
 The ball, the concert, and the play,
 And all that's lively, all that's gay:
 To these (thank Heav'n, for ever kind!)
 True happiness is not confin'd.

He,

He, only he, is truly blest,
 Who feels no tempest in his breast
 Of jarring passions, wasting care,
 Dishonest hope, and silly fear :
 Whose heart the love of virtue warms,
 Conscious of all her sacred charms :
 Who, ever grateful and content,
 Enjoys the good that Heaven hath sent,
 And in the present bounty blest,
 To Providence refers the rest :
 And, while the happy moments fly,
 Nor scorns to live, nor fears to die.

On the rude mountain, and the wild,
 Where Nature's beauties never smil'd ;
 Or on the thirsty plain that lies
 Beneath the heat of burning skies ;
 Or where, with stormy blasts severe,
 Dire winter chills the languid year :
 Where-e'er it is, the virtuous breast
 Is, and for ever must be, blest.

The BRAGIAD. A POEM,

By H—N S—T, Esq;

Pulchra LAVERNA,*Da mihi fallere, da justum sanctumque videri :**Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.* HOR.

LAVERNA, goddess of the gainful sports,
 In cities honour'd, and ador'd in courts,
 Thou sov'reign pow'r, to whom those arts belong,
 Fill all my soul, and fire me for the song.
 A modern theme, unknown to ancient bards,
 Invites my playful muse to sing of cards ;
 To make each gentle nymph her guardian care,
 Wink at a pilfer, and indulge the fair :
 See keener lightnings quicken in their eyes,
 And catch the passions various as they rise.
 For this she trembling tempts the lofty strain,
 And bids th' advent'rous warriors fill the plain :
 Soft as she breathes, the list'ning legions hear ;
 Crouds rush to fate ; unnumber'd throngs appear.
 Ye pow'rs of song ! that urg'd the battle's rage,
 And snatch'd old heroes from involving age,
 Here pour your flame, your sacred strength infuse,
 That bards unborn may hail th' ambitious muse :
 Let SHAKESPEAR'S nature sport in ev'ry line,
 And HOMER'S fire pronounce the work divine.

Behold ! the chiefs in glory's toils engage :
 In each soft bosom breathes a martial rage :

The

The busy leaders strait their force prepare,
 Collect their bands, and view their troops with care :
 Four aces bear the staff, supreme command ;
 Four sceptred kings succeed, a hoary band ;
 In regal pomp th' imperial consorts move,
 To fall or conquer with the lords they love ;
 In glossy armour, beaming from afar,
 Th' inferior troops impetuous rush to war.

While fickle Fortune turns her giddy wheel,
 The cuts contend, the highest doom to deal ;
 Mark how impatience stares in ev'ry face !
 How swoll'n ambition steals each softer grace !
 Each milder look subsides, each melting air,
 And all the warrior blazes in the fair.
 To Fortune's fane promiscuous pray'rs ascend,
 And the dome echoes, " Fortune be my friend !"
 All with one voice for gen'ral silence call ;
 All speak at once, imposing silence all :
 " What say ye, chiefs ?" at length the dealer cries ;
 " Pass all, pass all," the circle strait replies :
 Nor such were found as dar'd dispute the test ;
 " Pass all, pass all," they cry'd, and all was past.

The next in order deals th' important band,
 While each fair peeps to see another's hand :
 Behold ! in fight two mighty chiefs engage ;
 The mutual conflict burns with mutual rage.
 Goddess of Brag ! superior on thy car
 Sit high enthron'd, and rule th' event of war.

Crowns

Crowns heap'd on crowns were lavish'd in the fray,
And ranks of rings and thimbles prostrate lay,
While tweezer-cases pav'd the shining way ;
Knives, snuff-boxes promiscuous hurl along,
Toys pour apace, on toothpicks toothpicks throng ;
Their ev'ry pledge already press'd the field :
The conflict ceas'd, the chiefs reluctant yield.

'Tis now the doubling terrors all renew,
When ev'ry band must pass in full review :
Here, gleaming bright, and grateful to the eye,
In heaps on heaps the shining treasures lie ;
Treasures most apt t' allure the female gaze ;
Here flame the rubies, and the diamonds blaze ;
Here piles of silver dart a glimm'ring ray,
And thimbles beam refulgent on the day ;
E'en painted toothpicks shew their rosy dye,
And all contend to tempt the wishful eye :
No valour now can weaker pow'r sustain ;
The brave and base alike usurp the plain :
Nor vaunter rash and weak attain his ends,
'Tis might alone an ample triumph sends.
Then judge, O judge, what boding fears oppress
A quiv'ring warrior's sad ill-omen'd breast :
No guile to lead, no hope to bear her on,
Who proves but weakest, ever proves undone.
Her voice she rais'd, a short-liv'd silence broke,
The stilly host attentive, thus she spoke :
" Thou deity, whom all my sex adore,
Hear a sad wretch ! and grant what I implore :

O yet relent ; behold my hapless state ;
 O snatch me, sinking, from the jaws of fate.
 Without thy gen'rous aid, all-gracious pow'r,
 I fall a victim in this luckless hour.
 Ev'n now before my ever-anxious eyes
 Strange visions skim, and horrid phantoms rise,
 And to my thoughts suggest, in dire array,
 Th' unnumber'd mischiefs of this fateful day."

She pray'd ; and turning tow'ards her adverse chief,
 " I'm gone ! I'm gone ! I'm lost beyond relief !
 Ah true ! the riches scarce deserve a care ;
 But that I hold ten thousand times more dear,
 My fav'rite ring, lies hostage'd on the plain ;
 O ! how shall I redeem my ring again ?
 Alas ! poor ring on this robb'd hand I wore,
 On these sad fingers thou shalt blaze no more :
 But bold, I scorn to bend beneath my grief,
 I fall a heroine, as I stand a chief.
 Thus braving fate, determin'd I demand
 A view of all the terrors in your hand."
 This last pronouncing stern, the chief obey'd,
 Three hoary fires, in regal pomp, display'd :
 " Three nat'ral kings !" through all the mansion rings ;
 And the big dome rebounds, " Three nat'ral kings !"
 Th' opposing strength the Muse shall also sing ;
 Two conquer'd aces, and a captive king.
 Confus'dly sad, the monarch shews his face,
 Whilst slow behind him limps each vanquish'd ace.
 The angry frowns he darts on ev'ry foe,
 Proclaim his anguish, and declare his wo :

He

He glares around, unconscious of relief,
And pines in all the impotence of grief.

Here mark, ye haughty kings, ye proud, ye great,
A royal brother fall'n a slave to fate.
Thy monarch, France! may hence a lesson bring,
And draw experience from the muse's spring.
The king of spades was full as great, as vain,
Alike his subjects were a servile train;
So may th' o'erwhelming strokes of fate invade,
Thy crown diminish, and thy sceptre fade,
And monarch Lewis fall like monarch Spade. }
Th' imperial host, with ample vict'ry crown'd,
Explore the riches of the vanquish'd ground;
In clam'rous shouts thank Fortune for the day,
Prefer their praise, and bless the deity.

With horror thrill'd, the vanquish'd virgin sat,
Curs'd the dread pow'r, and doubly damn'd her fate;
The vital blood forsakes her lovely cheek,
Her tongue scarce utt'ring what her soul would speak;
Pale anguish sudden shot o'er all her face,
Sadly she mutter'd — "Were that king an ace!"
Then faintly thus the victor chief address'd,
In sighs, and broken accents, half express'd:
"I yield to fate, as ev'ry warrior must,
Beg my pledg'd ring, and humbly hope for trust."

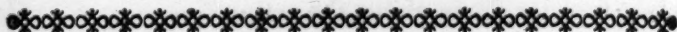
The conqu'ror now divides the warring train,
In equal ranks, o'er all th' embattled plain;

The chiefs on either side their force review,
 Loud clamours rise, and battle burns anew:
 Again thick show'rs of silver fill the plain,
 The rising floods increasing swell amain.
 A dame for valour fam'd, whom Fortune blest,
 In fight superior shone above the rest;
 The routed troops before her fury fled,
 Nor art, nor strength resist the martial maid;
 Conduct alone the mighty conquest brings;
 Her force consists of two illustrious kings.
 Among those dastards that did basely yield,
 Two coward aces left th' abandon'd field;
 Th' exulting kings, in regal armour bright,
 Now bound victorious o'er the fields of fight:
 Th' advent'rous heroine gleans the precious spoil,
 The due reward of her successful toil:
 Elating triumph sits upon each eye,
 She feels a fancy'd heav'n beneath the sky;
 While sunk in silence sat th' ignoble dame
 That turn'd her aces from the field of Fame:
 Th' inferior kings now struck th' astonish'd fight,
 She wail'd her hap, and mourn'd th' inglorious flight,
 Alas! too late; the monarchs bore the prize,
 To weaker pow'rs the plain subjected lies.

Now lazy Night in fable silence fled,
 The rosy Morn deserts her slumb'ring bed,
 The beamy god ascends his car on high,
 Wide cheers the world, and lightens all the sky;
 Through the white hangings shoot his early beams,
 And o'er the ceilings dance in yellow gleams;

Warn'd

Warn'd by the signs, the warriors quit the field,
 Those crown'd with spoil, their thanks to Fortune yield:
 So soon as Phœbus drives the shades away,
 Goddess of Brag, yield to the god of day,



An ESSAY on PLEASURE.

WHen from our mighty Maker's hand we came,
 Unfully'd was the soul, and fair our frame:
 Then with a double pow'r was man endu'd;
 The power of evil, and the power of good.
 And to direct our aim, by bounteous Heaven,
 Two universal motives then were given;
 The love of pleasure, and the dread of pain;
 That to excite our action, this restrain.

Pleasure's the blessing which we all pursue;
 Inspires our hopes, and terminates our view;
 The shining goal to which all labours tend;
 Though various are the ways, the same's the end.
 Yes! diff'rent men by diff'rent ways would gain
 The sweet reward. Then be these ways my theme;
 To trace the various powers by which they move;
 Condemn what's base, and what is just approve.
 For this sure maxim still must be allow'd,
 That virtuous pleasure is the sovereign good.
 Indisputable truth! for God, we know,
 Bids ev'ry man be happy, or his foe.

Virtue,

Virtue, fair fountain of all happiness !
Her ways are pleasure, and her paths are peace.

The lazy tribe think ev'ry pursuit vain,
 And prize no blessing but the want of pain ;
 Content to grow, and waste in torpid rest.
 Inanimate creation's full as blest.

But others, moving in a sphere more high,
 That by one faint degree approach the sky,
 Think the full banquet, and the copious bowl,
 The noblest entertainment of the soul.
 Sworn sons of riot ! bane of all that's good !
 Voracious sepulchres of wine and food.

Some in the venal smile and cold embrace
 Of a lewd prostitute their heaven do place.
 Wretched as they deserve. Be these confess
 The sovereign pleasure's granted to the beast.

Old Gripe his riches counts his sole delight.
 For these he toils the day, and wakes the night.
 With vexing joy he views his shining store,
 Still meditating how to make it more.
 On this his heart and eyes are fix'd alone :
 " How miserable I if all was gone !
 Subtract one shilling ! No ! not for my soul !
 And all the wretch'd that starve from pole to pole !"
 But know, mad fool, ev'n now you're at your worst,
 With poverty amidst your plenty curst.

Whence all his terror comes, ye muses say :
 He knows that merit cannot court their stay :
 No greater hope his abject soul can boast ;
 And with his darling wealth, his God, his heav'n are lost.

Aloft on vary'd plume Ambition flies ;
 Too great for earth, she seems to mount the skies :
 The grov'ling pleasures of the croud she scorns,
 And with the love of glorious trifles burns :
 To every quiet enjoyment a foe,
 Barter her happiness for glitt'ring show.
 " To range the battle, in the court to shine,
 Who can deny such joys as these divine ?"
 Divine you think them ; and I grant the same,
 If Heav'n's best blessing is a splendid name.
 But more, much more ! to these must be allow'd,
 If your grand motive is your country's good.
 Who well employs the pow'r that he receives,
 Himself enjoys the happiness he gives.

But far in dignity above the rest,
 With no mean share of real pleasure blest,
 I own the bard, whose call the muses wait,
 Fond to be wise, despising to be great.
 Wisdom is Virtue's handmaid ; her attends ;
 A willing ear to her the goddess lends :
 Fair Wisdom, if apply'd aright, can give
 The noblest pleasures mortals can receive.

Love's tender pleasures next we mean to view ;
 And much, O Love ! unto thy name is due.

For

For thee the poet wakes the tuneful lyre ;
 For thee his bosom glows with rapt'rous fire.
 Thy sov'reign power can stamp, with art refin'd,
 Fairest impressions on the soften'd mind.
 To thee all social happiness we owe :
 From thy fair source the softest pleasures flow ;
 High thoughts and kind humanity are thine ;
 Thou sweetly blend'st the soft and the sublime.
 Diffusive goodness fills the lover's breast ;
 With his belov'd the world he wishes blest.

On virtue's stock love yields the fairest bloom,
 And such the love from whence such joys do come.
 Whoe'er thou art that wouldst such pleasures find,
 Go, chuse at once a mistress and a friend.
 Your passion godlike Reason must approve ;
 Then hope for pleasure in the paths of love.

The happy man, that's with true pleasure blest,
 A gentle calm still reigns within his breast ;
 Compos'd, not dull ; his innocence his bliss ;
 And lasting as his goodness is his peace.
 His wishes Reason rules ; what nature craves,
 Justly he seeks, and gratefully receives.
 Luxurious debauch his sense ne'er cloy,
 But moderation seasons all his joys.
 In him the wretched never miss a friend,
 But share whate'er Heav'n's providence doth send.
 He thinks that he for all exists, and would
 Make ev'ry creature happy if he could.

He's peaceful ; yet, when Virtue summons, brave;
 And, though there was no gallows, scorns a knave.
 His generous breast no guilty passion moves ;
 He rules with justice, and with honour loves ;
 A modest candidate for honest fame,
 Preferring virtue to a splendid name.
 With love and admiration he surveys
 The beauties which creation wide displays ;
 There sees bright wisdom, power, and goodness join ;
 Thence he's inspir'd with pleasure all divine ;
 On Contemplation's wing to trace the road
 Through Nature's beauties up to Nature's God ;
 Then, oh ! what tides of sacred pleasure roll,
 Sedate and pure, through his exalted soul !
 When tir'd of earth, he takes his latest flight,
 Angel-attended, to the realms of light.
 He soars aloft on Pleasure's gilded wing ;
 With notes of pleasure heav'n's high arches ring :
 Basking in uncreated pleasure's ray,
 In the bright regions of eternal day ;
 Cherish'd by Glory's Sun's unrival'd beams,
 And by life's fountain's pure ambrosial streams,
 He ever blossoms in this high abode,
 And in the happy clime he ripens to a god.

Fair Pleasure ! precious end of all our ways !
 Nature spontaneous thy soft call obeys ;
 Great soul of life ! and heav'n's triumphant queen !
 What praise is due unto thy sacred name !
 Ere yet time was, th' Almighty dwelt with thee,
 His sole companion through eternity.

From

From his perfections bright and conscious worth,
Thou, heav'nly fair! hadst thy illustrious birth :
When time and fleeting worlds shall lose their name,
And into nothing sink, from whence they came,
High at the throne of God, the seat of blifs,
Thou shalt diffuse eternal happiness.



Advice to a Painter who had engaged to
draw Miss A—. R—.

By J. C. P. Esq;

———O Dea certe!

VIRG.

SInce then, bold artist! with approved skill
You've undertaken this so great design,
May all the fair your manly bosom fill,
Give to your hand an excellence divine,
Inspire your colours with a radiant glow,
A marble smoothness to the canvas give,
In noble touches make your pencil flow,
And R— confess'd in all the picture live;
Fancy away! to make love's queen complete,
Let but the fair alone your gen'rous bosom heat.

But lest your dazzled eye in Beauty's maze
Should wander, heedless of each single charm;
Lest that the brightness of the heav'nly blaze
Should blast thy sight and all thy skill disarm;

R 3

Let

Let my instructions sink into thy soul,
Read careful o'er the soft advice I give;
Let these the trembling of your hand controul,
Your wand'ring eyes recall, your heart revive;
The heav'nly features of her face define,
And show each lovely charm that makes the whole divine.

But oh! observe with what an easy air
The lovely charmer moves, with finish'd grace!
Quick use thy skill, thy utmost art prepare,
Catch ev'ry turn, each gentle movement trace.
But how, ah! how can all thy colours show
The soften'd rising of those hills of love?
Whiter than flakes of pure unsully'd snow,
Softer than downy plumage of the dove.
Yet bold, go on! play thou thy noble part,
And let our thoughts supply what's wanting in thy art.

Her eyes—but how shall all thy skill express
The heav'nly rays that melt my ravish'd heart?
What daring boldness does thy soul possess,
To think to ape them with thy puny art?
Mistaken fool! think'st thou thy aking sight
Can view their lustre with a steady eye?
Shall not their glory with too strong a light
Confound thy sense, and all thy skill defy?
Then cease, nor rashly tempt thy certain fate,
Paint but the bluey orbs, or curse thy fault too late.

Now tell me, painter, didst thou ever view
The sun in all his new-born glory rise,

Dispel

Dispel the mists, and sip the morning-dew,
 And strew with blushes all the orient skies ?
 So shall the grand idea in your mind
 Strike home your fancy when you view the fair ;
 The rosy blush that gilds the morn, you'll find
 Not only equal'd, but excelled there :
 Then with a tincture of carminian dye
 (Her cheeks you never can, but) imitate the sky.

As two plump cherries on the yielding bough
 Hang dangling, moist with an ambrosial sweet ;
 A breathing zephyr gently blows, and now
 The branches tremble, and they fondly meet ;
 Or as the coral on the lonely rock,
 With red dy hue, uprears its painted head ;
 Two sister firstlings from the parent stock
 Together grow, and sprout up side by side ;
 So smile her roseate lips, with bliss replete,
 Soft as the pulpy fruit, as balmy odours sweet.

Her shining hair ambrosial fragrance breathes,
 Around her neck the wanton ringlets stray ;
 Adown her breast they flow in filken wreaths,
 And in her bosom innocently play.
 Not so, O Love ! if once thy piercing dart
 Within her bosom shall admission find ;
 Not so shall't revel in her captive heart,
 When fond desire with melting love is join'd ;
 But, oh ! if e'er the lovely maid you wound,
 Let all her tender thoughts be in her P—— crown'd.

But

But how shall I, in all the pomp of verse,
 Each heav'nly beauty to thy mind display,
 In flowing numbers all her charms rehearse,
 And paint the fair that steals my soul away?
 Let these alone your skilful hand assist,
 Your flowing pencil with a smoothness guide;
 So shall your fame to endless ages last,
 Like hers to long eternity abide;
 Whilst hapless C——'s, shall, as his verses, rot,
 Be, with his mould'ring dust, by after-times forgot.



To Miss —————

By the same.

I.

SEE the busy insect train
 Fondly ply their little care,
 All their art with anxious pain,
 All their skill to deck the fair;
 To deck the fair, — delightful task!
 What more could man's ambition ask?

II.

Finer than the finest hair,
 Bright as Phœbus golden ray,
 Light as thin pellucid air,
 Soft as fleecy down — Oh! say
 With what wondrous art they twine,
 And prepare the silken line.

III.

III.

Think it then not much to spend
 Now and then a leisure hour,
 Careful each to gently tend,
 And protect their silken store,
 Guard them with a watchful eye,
 And all their little wants supply.

IV.

So intent upon their toil,
 Not a moment can they spare,
 Their little hunger they beguile,
 And forget their leafy fare,
 Till at last enwrapt they lie,
 Hid from ev'ry mortal eye.

V.

Thus when man the fatal thread
 Of life has spun—no longer gay!
 In the silent grave is laid,
 Till at the great and solemn day,
 When from his dreary sleep he wakes,
 As those, a diff'rent form he takes.

VI.

Perhaps, my fair, you'll think it wrong
 To mix what's grave with subjects gay,
 But you're too good, I'm sure, to frown
 On a young poet's weak essay;
 You that can even in smallest trifles find
 Some moral lesson to improve your mind.

The

The DUNCE and his PEN.

A F A B L E.

By J. B. Esq;

'TIS strange to think how oft we meet
 With men, to whom the *alphabet*
 A riddle is; — Your meaning pray?
 Who little know, and less can say.

But think not that I understand
 By this that they have not a *hand*
 For copious scribbling: yes, indeed
 That they will do who scarce can read.
 'Tis strange to think that such as these,
 — Blockheads, in short, or what you please, —
 With their productions, lean and vague,
 The world will never cease to plague,
 And make us pay for sorry cheer,
 Which of the tast'ng's much too dear.
 Hence is it that our sage *Reviewers*,
 Who dive into the filthy sewers
 Of *monthly trash*, ungrateful work!
 Fit only for a Jew or Turk, —
 When giving, after just reflection,
 These miscreants their due correction,
 Appear themselves like foul-mouth'd birds,
 Racking their brains for clumsy words;

And

And — what they surely would not chuse,
Seem huge adepts in vile abuse.

But, leaving this queer episode,
Let me pursue my destin'd road.

If pride will suffer such to lend
An ear to an impartial friend,
Perhaps, — nay, 'tis a hopeful case, —
This puny, despicable race,
May, from a fable, yet be wise,
And thank me for my good advice.
Mævius, a dull half-letter'd sot,
Who wanted nothing but a pot
Of London porter, or strong beer,
On stated days, his heart to cheer ;
— Stay, I'm into mistake betray'd,
At stated hours, I should have said.
Whene'er his purse — you guess the cause —
Was empty, as it often was,
Mævius, each craving hungry night,
Thought his best bus'ness was to write.

High in a garret-room he lodg'd,
To which, with weary steps, he trudg'd ;
There, o'er a greasy table moaping,
And in his mind with Virgil coping,
He'd scrawl such incoherent fluff,
That ev'n the *hawkers*, in a huff,
Would from our author turn away,
And, with a frown that frighten'd day,

Exclaim,

Exclaim, "How, whore's son, what dost mean?
 "Canst write us something may be seen?
 "Thy last performance, cut my throat,
 "If 'twas worth more than half a groat.
 "Stay, let me think,—come, brother, down;
 "Down with your money,—lost a crown."
 Thus he, confounded and perplex'd,
 Was oft disturb'd and sadly vex'd.

One night, as he reclining, late,
 Upon his elbow, pensive sat,
 With brow contracted by the spleen,
 As for most part the case had been,
 He scratch'd his worse—than—empty pate,
 And bluster'd 'gainst all-pow'rful Fate,
 That one of parts like his was born,
 To be of wretched fools the scorn:
 Then rose majestic to his feet,—
 Then, on a sudden, took his seat;
 Determin'd now, in mood sublime,
 Perfection's pinnacle to climb.

When, lo! his *Pen* worn out with age,
 Half trembling, half inflam'd with rage,
 Eager t' escape a new disaster,
 Thus ventur'd to address its master.

Might I presume, good Sir! alas!
 I'm much afraid t' explain my case;
 Should I attempt to let you hear,
 What I could wish, I greatly fear

That

That you might take it very ill,
 And me your humble servant kill.
 What! — cried the much-astonish'd bard, —
 My dearest life! — and grasp'd it hard; —
 Should I, my darling! do or say
 Ought to offend you, night or day?
 No: — now I swear, you may believe:
 If you were dead I could not live.
 Proceed to praise me, or abuse;
 I shall not quarrel which you chuse.

Well then — since you permit, I shall,
 With honest freedom, tell you all
 That long has labour'd in my breast,
 And banish'd from it pleasing rest.

You must be sensible how oft
 On Fancy's wings you've soar'd aloft,
 The time would fail me to recount
 The vast, extravagant amount
 Of the productions, which, 'tis plain,
 Have brought you in some good clear gain.

Now, though your muse must be confess
 To be no *middle* one at least,
 Yet, Sir, the world, to merit blind,
 (For where can they such merit find?),
 Have dar'd their ignorance to boast,
 And, preevish, cry'd, their coin was lost.
 Unhappy me, who can declare,
 That — with my will — I had no share

In bringing forth your works to light,
 They persecute with cruel spite;
 And as the innocent 'mongst men
 Are blam'd, so here they curse the *Pen*.



The LION, the FOX, and the BULL.

A F A B L E.

To a certain POLITICIAN.

By the same.

IF one should quote the counsel grave,
 Which HORACE to *Licinius* gave *,
 I know you'd sneer; — nay, ten to one,
 The sentence scarcely would be done,
 When you'd in passion bite your nails,
 And grinning cry, Damn your dull tales.
 Aware of this, all precepts dry
 I shun; yet give me leave to try
 To gain my point another way,
 Mincing the steps of JOHNIE GAY.

A Lion, by ambition fir'd,
 And universally admir'd,

* Rectius vives, Licini; neque altum
 Nimis urgendo.

Who

Who reigning monarch on the plain,
 Would lord it with a high disdain ;
 I mean, such a becoming pride
 As in each sov'reign should reside,
 To keep the other beasts in awe,
 And make them tremble at his paw ;
 Once on a time his den forsook,
 And a far-distant journey took,
 Resolv'd a while abroad to roam,
 And in due time improv'd come home :
 But, — as 'tis in a human state,
 Where ev'ry one would needs be great, —
 His absence made each knave, though weak,
 For honour and preferment seek.
 A cunning *Fox*, in debt involv'd,
 Having a thousand schemes revolv'd
 To keep his carcase out of jail,
 And having found them all to fail,
 At distance cast a greedy eye
 Upon the seat of majesty,
 Which, as he hop'd, might prove a guard,
 To screen him from a dreadful herd
 Of angry duns. By specious smiles,
 And numberless deceitful wiles,
 The throne he mounts, but quickly found
 His puny int'rests run aground :
 Remonstrance on remonstrance came,
 Eager t' augment sedition's flame.

Then *Reynard* terrify'd that he,
 'Midst such turmoils, should certainly

Be driv'n as chaff before the wind,
And nowhere help or safety find,
By chance discovers a large *Bull*,
Not over wise, nor quite a fool ;
With whom he craftily prevails
To leave rich pasture in the dales,
And take a share with him, by stealth,
Of the disjointed commonwealth.
Th' unthinking *Bull*, though ev'ry friend
Told him 'twould in his ruin end,
Wrapt up in self-conceit profound,
Rejects advice, and spurns the ground,
Accepts the terms, and bellows out,
" Bravo ! my fortune's made, no doubt."

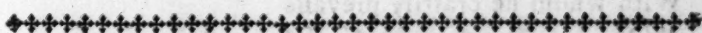
Scarce had these dirty sons of gain
Begun their inauspicious reign,
When, lo ! the *Lion* back returns,
And with contempt indignant burns,
To find the royal palace laid
So low, and despicable made ;
Then, with a bold commanding frown,
Exclaims, " Ye wretches ! quick begone."

The *Fox*, with self-condemning face,
Slunk off, attended by disgrace,
And mutt'ring bitter to himself,
" Alas ! I've lost th' expected self !"

The *Bull*, in *Passion's* mimic forms,
Foams, throws his head, and madly storms ;

Till,

Till, by degrees, compell'd to yield
To whom he ought the glorious field,
His rage subsides, his tail he shakes,
And his old place contented takes.

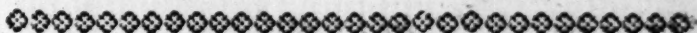


E P I G R A M.

By the same.

I Would have you to know, Sir, though now you
despise,
Or seem not to feel all the pow'r of my eyes,
That to thousands of lovers they torment can give,
Who have sworn, that without my soft smiles they
can't live.

Nay, Madam, I doubt not one word that you say,
Though all, to be sure, are not struck the same way:
But, Miss, was not that the case some time ago?
I should think it might be twenty twelvemonths or so.



E P I G R A M.

By the same.

W H O will say, that adorable Kitty hates me,
Whom already she uses *sans ceremonie*?
Just so, Sir, last Thursday, in midst of your airs,
She call'd on her footman to light you down stairs.

E P I G R A M.

By the same.

SAYS a writer genteel, of high genius and taste,
 Lard, I fear t'other day I was too much in haste;
 Pray tell me, my dear, with the ease of a friend,
 Could the ladies to all the bright sayings attend?
 I swear by the parent of brightness, the sun,
 That I never look'd off till the essay was done.

Indeed, mighty Sir, to be honest and plain,
 Although at the risk of your dreadful disdain,
 The ladies could silence most faithfully keep,
 For, like me, all the while they were lull'd fast asleep.

E P I G R A M.

By the same.

SURE he's a blockhead and an ass
 Who strives for what he's not to pass.
 Says Doctor Deaf, who rul'd the bowl,
 I think so too, upon my soul.

To

TO FANCY.

ALL-pow'rful Fancy! dear delusive maid!
 Daughter of Hope, Imagination's shade!
 Gift of indulgent Heav'n, design'd below,
 With pictur'd joys, to balance real wo!
 Where-ever thou hast spread thy airy wings,
 Lodg'd in the breast of statesmen or of kings;
 Whether thy visionary pow'r inspires
 Some poet's brain with heav'n-descended fires,
 And bids him wanton in the golden dream
 Of riches, honours, and immortal fame;
 Whether thou mak'st th' enraptur'd lover trace
 A little heav'n that smiles in Hebe's face,
 Dream of a grace divine, an angel's air,
 And in the goddess lose the mortal fair;—
 Since in the bitter draught of human wo,
 Whate'er of sweet is found, to thee we owe;
 Since what substantial happiness we call,
 Is but thyself, kind nymph, thy bounty all.
 Vain all and empty but what thou hast giv'n,
 Even Virtue's self, unless she leans on Heav'n.
 Haste hither, sweet deceiver! gentle guest!
 Haste, and erect thy empire in my breast,
 Bid pleasures here in airy forms arise,
 Ideal raptures, self-created joys:
 Here revel thou entire, and ever reign;
 Quick let me catch the visionary scene,

Paint

Paint the dear object of my constant flame,
 Her face unchang'd, her beauty still the same ;
 (That only thing thou know'st not to improve),
 Fair Delia—only soften'd into love :
 There let me view the marks of fond desire,
 A pure, unspotted, but an equal fire ;
 A love that by its coyness more endears,
 Fearful, but still the more betray'd by fears :
 Here let the heav'nly image ever dwell,
 Unpleasing truth, rude messenger, farewell !—
 And since all other methods fruitless prove,
 Fancy, be thou my advocate in love.



INSCRIPTION for a Mineral at PETERHEAD.

From courts and gaudy climes when Virtue fled,
 She chose the rugged soil and lowly shed ;
 Health, her first-born, this distant region sought,
 Here pours from oozy rocks the healing draught,
 And calls thee, mortal, if her springs thou prize,
 To learn that worth affects no gay disguise.

To Miss ———

WHile you, fair maid, with grace unrival'd reign,
 Or in the drawing-room, or on the plain,
 While crouds transported vast applause bestow
 On all the charms immense that round thee glow,
 Unprais'd, forgot, thy nobleness of soul,
 That stamps a dignity upon the whole;
 Forgot thy taste for happiness refin'd,
 And all thy real elegance of mind:
 Yet when the lustre of thine eye shall fade,
 Thy graces wither'd, and thy bloom decay'd;
 When thou, sweet girl, no more shalt be a toast,
 No more a conquest o'er a coxcomb boast,
 Sunk all the charms that youth could give to please,
 The animated form, the mien of ease,
 Then with redoubled splendor shall blaze forth
 All thy fair virtues, all thy genuine worth;
 These still shall flourish, these be still belov'd,
 And by thy conscience, strictest judge! approv'd;
 Perhaps adorn some future poet's line,
 And thou a STELLA, he a SWIFT shall shine.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

THou who, with devious steps, and anxious mien,
 Explor'st this drear and melancholy scene,
 Where to the throbbing heart is giv'n to know
 All the sad, solemn luxury of wo,
 Here, at the shrine of this lamented maid,
 Here, all collected, be thy sorrows paid;
 Here shall thy soften'd bosom learn to melt,
 And pity woes perhaps it never felt.
 When well-requited Love had warm'd her breast,
 (Where ev'ry grace and virtue was imprest),
 And near, how near, possessing and possesst!
 Lo! in her highest hopes, and youth's warm bloom,
 She sinks untimely to the silent tomb!

Yet murmur not; for Heav'n, that's good and wise,
 Saw her desert, and snatch'd her to the skies.

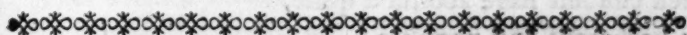


E P I T A P H on a poor honest Man.

'TIS not the tomb in marble polish'd high,
 The venal verse, or flatt'ring titles nigh,
 The classic learning o'er an impious stone,
 Where Latin tells what English blush'd to own,

Shall

Shall shroud the guilty from the eye of God,
Incline his balance, or avert his rod :
His hand can raise the crippled and the poor,
Spread on the way, or fainting at the door,
And blast the villain, though to altars * fled,
Who robb'd us living, and insults us dead.



TO a YOUNG GENTLEMAN going to
a Public Breakfast.

Written in March 1758.

By Mr J. M.

DEAR DAVID,

OF old the youth of Greece and Rome,
To shows and festivals would come,
There crouded to the public games,
Keen to eternalize their names ;
They box'd, swam, wrestled, scour'd the plain,
Each limb exerted to obtain
The crown of laurel, and a place
In Pindar's or in Horace' lays.

In later ages, when renown
By deeds of chivalry was won,

* Alluding to rich knaves being buried in chancels with pompous inscriptions.

With

With juffs and tournaments the men
 Would the fair ladies entertain,
 Who in good order took their feats,
 To see their knights exhibit feats :
 But we who are so juftly reckon'd
 More happy under GEORGE the Second,
 Such cuftoms have abolifh'd quite,
 As barbarous and unpolite.
 The truth is, that our gentle folks
 Can neither wreftle well nor box ;
 'Mongft us there are no female tyrants,
 Who make their lovers turn knight-errants ;
 Our gentlemen are not fuch fools
 As to encounter angry bulls,
 Nor are our ladies fo hard-hearted
 As with fuch fights to be diverted ;
 At twelve o'clock to-morrow meet,
 Young men and maidens fair to — eat.

As yefternight I heard you mutter,
 With them you'd take your bread and butter,
 I thought the leaft that I could do
 Was to fuggelt a hint or two.

Your time of breakfafting and mine,
 You know, is commonly at nine ;
 How will your ftomach faft till noon,
 Accuftom'd to be gorg'd fofoon ?
 You may maltreat it as you will,
 But fure it can't but take it ill ;

And

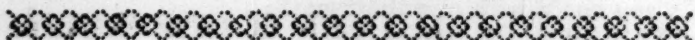
And if not fed as it hath wont,
Will certainly revenge th' affront.

DAVID, methinks I see you talking,
Or rather cavalierly walking
With some delicious las, when, lo!
(Pray Heav'n forbid it should be so),
Your injur'd stomach loudly howls,
Each gut in indignation growls,
And bids you pity your own bowels.
Nor think, if at the usual hour
You give it something to devour,
You will not play your part so well
As you could wish at public meal;
For when it sees the tables clad
With sweetmeats, jellies, marmalade,
I'll lose my life if it don't roar
A most emphatical *encore*.

I fancy, DAVID, you won't say,
Three shillings must for breakfast pay;
Nor is it high in any wise,
Alas! all things are double price:
'Tis double what it once was, but
When 'twas an eighteen penny cut,
He who his bread by't should have made,
Found that it was a losing trade,
Seeing, ere they could their hunger stanch,
Some put his profits in their paunch,
But now he'll let them do their worst,
Who eats three shillings worth must burst.

VERSES written *extempore* in the Post-house at Northallerton.*By the same.*

REader of these crude lines, whoe'er you are,
 O! of the posthouse at next stage * beware.
 The Scottish inns why should the English curse?
 True, they are bad, but this is ten times worse.
 Such was the inn, unless POPE's verses lie †,
 Where noble Villiers halted but to die;
 And at York's house (an injur'd Scot forgive)
 None will put up who have a mind to live.



VERSES written while posting through Banbury Moor.

By the same.

Such a machine would ev'n a faint provoke,
 The blinds are shatter'd and the glasses broke,
 'Tis lin'd with nothing but a tawdry green,
 'Tis drawn by horses, lazy, lame, and lean.
 Him who these animals delights to thwack,
 The part of Richard Nature form'd to act,
 For crooked is his leg, and mountainous his back.
 Ere you fair Scotland ridicule as poor,
 Think, Englishmen, on your own Banb'ry moor.

* Darlington.

† See Pope's epistle to Lord Bathurst, ver. 299.

VERSES written in the Devil Tavern.

By the same.

THink not that in pure streams the *Fountain* flows,
 Nor yet imagine virtue in the *Rose*,
 To lewdest scenes the *Bedford Ensigns* tempt,
 And *Shakespear* is a most notorious pimp;
 'Tis strange though true, he who would shun all evil,
 Cannot do better than go to *the Devil*.

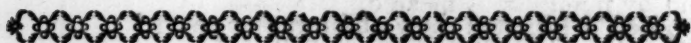


Occasioned by the Death of Gen. WOLFE.

By Mr F. D.

Bless'd Liberty! how absolute thy pow'r!
 How strong thine arm in the decisive hour!
 No toils can hold the soul by thee inspir'd,
 No dangers damp the bosom thou hast fir'd.
 Love, Pleasure, Riches, all the flow'ry train,
 That charm the weak, or captivate the vain,
 Of Britain's glory envious, spread their lure,
 Bid WOLFE, "Be cautious — Live at home secure;"
 Bid him, "Remember Britain's late disgrace;"
 And whisper'd something of the pow'rs in place;
 Bid him, "Give up his airy views of fame,
 Nor rashly venture on a losing game."
 In that blest'd moment Britain's genius rear'd
 Her awful head, and brighter days appear'd!

Once more Astræa rais'd her golden scale,
 Corruption sickens, and her sons grow pale.
 Again Britannia lifts her arm on high,
 Again the lightning flashes from her eye!
 Once more her all-enliv'ning voice is heard,
 Her arms are dreaded, and her fleets rever'd.
 The gen'rous youth with noble ardour glow'd,
 With tears of joy his piercing eyes o'erflow'd! —
 He grasp'd the pike! — bid Pleasure's train begone!
 And Britain's genius pray'd to lead him on
 To death or glory. — Both the goddess gave —
 Alas! thy country can but add a grave!
 Her grateful senate o'er thy sacred dust
 Bid Genius raise the animated bust,
 Bid Sculpture's ever-living language tell,
 " WOLFE nobly conquer'd, when he greatly fell!"



SUBLUNARY ETERNITY.

A RHAPSODY.

By a GENTLEMAN of L—h.

Ita statim stant signa.

PLAUT.

NED's in eternity! — but how?
 Ah! Kate has prov'd unkind, untrue.
 Here then his hopes and fears stand still;
 For Ned can know no greater ill;

Nor

Nor to his soul can any ray
 Of joy or comfort force its way :
 No glimpse, howe'er intense, can peep
 In through a gloom so sad, so deep ;
 Though Happiness, that heav'nly pow'r,
 Should all her influence on him show'r,
 So great, so stubborn is his grief,
 Nought can augment, nought give relief :
 No future prospects bound his care ;
 Futurity's lost in despair.

Hence then I argue thus, (pray, friend,
 The disquisition's nice, attend) :
 Whate'er is of such magnitude
 All bounds and increase to exclude,
 That thing, suppose poor Ned's distress,
 Is infinite, you will confess ;
 And by infinitude is mean'd,
 You know, a thing without an end.
 Then Ned (you'll say) must thus endure
 An endless pain — He must, be sure.

His fate thus fix'd *in statu quo*,
 To him no kind successions flow :
 External change may change succeed,
 He can nor hear, nor see, nor heed :
 So big the woes his soul distend,
 (Woes that know neither change nor end),
 Ned can to nothing else attend :
 Each faculty of mind and sense,
 The total man is in suspense ;

Within, without him, on each hand,
 To him all nature's at a stand.
 So where there's no vicissitude,
 By which alone time's understood,
 It must be, doubtless, thence confess
 That there eternity does rest :
 Then follows what I meant to show,
 " Ned's in eternity below."

And, this discuss'd, who can gain say
 O'er all life's functions Kath'rine's sway ?
 'Tis known, though thunder spares the skin,
 It spares not breath nor bone within :
 But Kate consigns to such a death
 As hurts nor skin, nor bone, nor breath ;
 And thus can make, ere time go hence,
 Eternity on earth commence ;
 Or *totidem verbis* can bestow
 Stability ere hence we go.
 For after all is said and done,
 Ned's still on this side of the moon,
 Where myriads of mutations show,
 Periods of time successive flow ;
 And where these periods, as they roll,
 These revolutions recontrol ;
 Where time and change, with mutual pow'r,
 Produce each other, and devour.

And is not Kate a wondrous lass
 That brings these prodigies to pass ?

Who,

Who, after this, would deem it strange,
 If she the face of things could change?
 If at her smile the earth should bloom,
 Her frown o'ercast it with a gloom?
 If all the seasons of the year
 Should by her various humours steer;
 The air breathe cold, when she's unkind;
 Her wrath the rattling storms unbind;
 Now all again grow calm, serene,
 Temp'rate or hot, as passions reign?
 If than Arabia's sweetest gale
 Her breath more fragrance should exhale?
 Her lips turn coral pale? her breast
 The lily of its snow divest?
 Her stature make the straightest pine,
 Outvy'd, its envious head decline?
 And yet should objects gay appear,
 Or please us only when she's near?
 Should the melodious Philomel
 Yield, that her music may excel?
 If at her will the feather'd throng
 Should cease or chant their am'rous song?
 If all the graces should combine
 To make her Beauty's queen outshine?
 Or should her glances pierce more hearts
 Than all the store of Cupid's darts?
 Or if Minerva should admit
 In her superior sense and wit?
 Or should her magic pow'r, in short,
 All nature make her pleasure's sport,

Do

Do more than poets yet did feign
Of goddesses and nymphs divine ?

But as she's pow'rful, is she good ?
Weigh Ned's condition, and conclude.
See how, a victim to her spleen,
He has sophisticated been.
Could love or merit touch her breast,
With mutual passion, Ned were blest ;
No swain e'er felt a truer flame,
For a more false ungrateful dame.



To a YOUNG LADY, on her declaring that she
loved Poetry, but could not make Verses.

By Mr D. R.

CLARINDA loves the polish'd line
Dress'd by the poet's hand,
And points the place where beauties shine
That just applause command.

Yet though she courts the noble art,
And sighs to strike the lyre ;
No muse indulgent will impart
The brisk poetic fire.

Alas ! CLARINDA does not know,
The fair inspires the strain,

When

When blest'd with ease the numbers flow,
To tell her shepherd's pain.

So whilst no genius she'll confess
Sprung from the sacred Nine,
Perhaps some lover's thoughts express
A poetess divine !

But would CLARINDA's self display,
In verse, her sense and art,
The god of love must find the way
To touch her tender heart.

In vain may she till then expect
The muse by pray'rs to move ;
As the coy nymphs who pride affect,
Submit alone to Love.

In willing crouds, at Love's command,
The bright ideas rise,
And thoughts in graceful order stand,
Refulgent as the skies.

In Beauty's praise, with gentle speed,
The page unspotted fills,
As on the lawn at ev'ning's shade
The pearly dew distils.

Hence Waller's pregnant genius glow'd
At Sacharissa's name ;
And Granville's lines harmonious flow'd
To sound his Mira's fame.

Then

Then learn, CLARINDA, learn, I say,

This maxim to approve,

The fair who'd swell the tender lay,

Must pay her vows to Love.



The ANTIQUATED BEAU.

By Mr J. O.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum. VIRG.

FIr'd with the rage that warms a *coxcomb's* mind,
 When curls are awkward, or the fair unkind ;
 When spurn'd and kick'd by all the insect-throng,
 Or, still more dreadful, when a patch is wrong !
 Poor Sylvio late deplor'd his mighty wo
 With all the fury of an angry beau.
 Bare was his furrow'd brow, his head reclin'd,
 His hair hung loose, and waving in the wind ;
 His feeble limbs a wither'd form display'd,
 His shape was shrouded in a slight brocade :
 Paint, ruffles, lace were call'd to ease his pain ;
 But ruffles, lace, and paint were call'd in vain.
 Thrice, ere he spoke, he wip'd the swimming eye,
 And thrice (ye gods, how strange !) was heard to
 sigh :

Grief swell'd his mighty breast, — and in despair
 He rav'd, he stamp'd, he frown'd, he tore his hair ;

Rage,

Rage, fury, envy fir'd th' indignant man ;
He bit his quiv'ring lip, and thus began.

“ Gods ! have I liv'd to see this dismal hour,
When kick'd by ev'ry friend and ev'ry whore ?
Baulk'd in my wishes, from my views remov'd,
By those who lov'd me once, or said they lov'd.
Was it for this I learn'd these arts before,
Sung, lov'd, sigh'd, danc'd, fought, whor'd, rhym'd,
drunk, and swore ?

Have I for this bestow'd such precious fums
On gilded equipage and rich perfumes ?
Fir'd with a graceful mien the easy fair,
And op'd the snuff-box with a charming air ?
Have I so long pursu'd the lovely prize,
And felt the lightning of *Belinda's* eyes ?
Patch'd, powder'd, painted, us'd a clouded cane,
Wrote billetdoux, sigh'd, ogl'd, all in vain ?
While Damon's happy in so fair a prize ;
While Florio dances, and poor Daphnis sighs ;
While Thyrsis tries the little that he can,
A puny ape, the mimic of a man :
While these are buzzing in the charmer's ear,
Am I, and I alone, to feel despair ?
Must I be doom'd her vengeance to deplore,
By her most hated whom I most adore ?
Yet (how our fond, our darling hopes beguile !)
Oft have I seen this frowning beauty smile,
With charms resplendent glow divinely bright,
And warm this melting bosom with delight.

Now

Now (sad reverse!) my cares are all return'd
 With proud disdain. Neglected, hiss'd, or spurn'd,
 She sees me wretched, and but laughs the more,
 Though love invites, and billetdoux implore.
 Though once this mien has boasted to inspire,
 And melt e'en frozen bosoms with desire;
 Though once the haughty fair obey'd my call;
 Though once these eyes have ogled at a ball;
 Though once, elated with the splendid show,
 These charms have taught the melting lip to glow:
 Yet now, alas! my warm addresses prove
 The blast of pleasure, and the bane of love:
 Each wond'ring booby stares where-e'er I go,
 As some pale ghost had left the shades below.

“ O thoughtless mortals! ignorant and dull,
 Blind to the wise, but partial to the fool;
 Who ne'er can see, (amused with airy show),
 Who ne'er can see the merit of a beau:
 Know then on me your pointless wit must fail,
 That like a feather nods on ev'ry gale.”

Enrag'd he spoke, with grief, with ire oppress'd,
 His heart beat thick within his glowing breast;
 He damn'd all mankind in a rage, and swore,
 (Unjust), “ That ev'ry woman was a whore.”
 Plays, novels, paint now met their final doom;
 The *mighty* hero kick'd them through the room;
 Nay, and I'm told, (but sure it cannot be),
 He tore his fav'rite patch and fine toupee!

But,

But lo ! at length a fatal billet came,
 A fatal billet with Belinda's name ;
 " Thou lovely cause of all my woes !" he cry'd ;
 Then sigh'd and swore, and wept and swore, and sigh'd ;
 He fainted, sunk, and, with a last adieu,
 Breath'd out his soul upon a billetdoux.



Occasioned by the Death of Mr C——.

By Mr ——

WHY should the proud, the arrogant, the vain,
 Claim undeserv'd the tributary strain,
 While humble worth, unmourn'd, neglected lies,
 And with itself its great memorial dies ?
 Come then, thou honest verse ! whose genuine ray
 Eternal flames from POPE's mellifluous lay,
 That scorns the sordid thought, the venal line,
 Though flowing numbers do each thought refine.
 Ah ! what avail those notes replete with art,
 That charm the ear, not penetrate the heart !
 Illusion all, where sense is lost in sound,
 And servile praise and flatt'ry play around.
 To thee no specious off'rings shall be paid,
 Nor flattery offend thy gentle shade.

What though possess'd of all that form'd the friend,
 The sweetest temper, and the noblest mind ?

The candid-judging head, the heart sincere,
 Thy manners easy, though thy life severe !
 What though thy genius vast and unconfin'd,
 Explor'd those truths that beam'd from Newton's mind;
 Those truths divine, where Reason's potent ray
 Flam'd with full force, and pour'd resistless day ?
 What though to thee the moral page was known,
 Bloom'd in thy heart, and through thy actions shone ?
 Yet, dear to all, for thee our sorrows flow,
 For thee attun'd our elegies of wo.
 Too soon these mournful lines thy virtues wait,
 Nor sense nor science could retard thy fate.
 Yet shall the muse, to merit ever just,
 Transmit thy fame, and tear it from the dust ;
 Recall those days when sense and wit conjoin'd
 To sooth each care, and harmonize the mind ;
 With guiltless trophies charge thy much-lov'd name,
 (An honour due, when worth supplies the theme) :
 While satire keen in all its wrath shall rise,
 And blast those crimes that pomp and pow'r disguise ;
 On guilt shall flash detection, and dispense
 Impartial justice on the foes of sense.

AN EPISTLE to the Earl of EGLINTOUN.

THou friend of princes, poets, wits,
 And judge infallible of tits,
 That art, yet wilt not be a peer,
 O EGLINTOUN ! thy poet hear.

My

My steed of Pegasus blood,
Piercy, so famous and so good,
Bending beneath a weight of years,
Slowly his rapid master bears.

Say, is it fitting that the bard
Whom Caledonia's chiefs regard,
Afoot should walk, or by some jade
With broken bones in dust be laid ?

My humble wish does not aspire
To steed of Andalusian fire ;
Such as brave BUTE delights to ride,
When *Cortes* feels his master's pride.

Nor covet I the racer kind,
The flying offspring of the wind,
Such as were harness'd to thy car,
When *Buckhorse*, like the god of war,
Triumphant rode on burning wheels,
And ENGLAND shouted at his heels.

I only want a nimble nag,
Not prone to fall, nor apt to flag ;
Strong with the tempests to contend,
Which on my careless head descend ;
When through the depth of winter's clay,
O'er the wild Lammermuirian way,
'Midst rain, and hail, and sleet, and snow,
At midnight's murky hour I go.

O would some god to me impart
 For once, Medea's magic art,
 Not ancient kings, nor beauties old
 Should buy the gift with all their gold :
 My Piercy's youth I would restore,
 And make him what he was of yore,
 When like the sun he took his way,
 Rejoicing in his strength all day.

But since these miracles are o'er,
 And age spares neither horse nor whore,
 Thee I intreat, Olympic Lord !
 Whose deeds Newmarket strains record,
 Find me a steed without delay,
 Such as a poet's purse can pay.

JOHN HOME.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.